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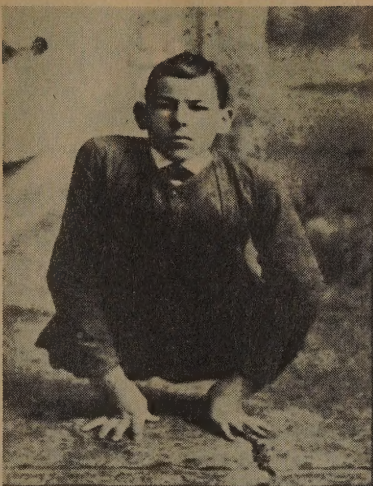
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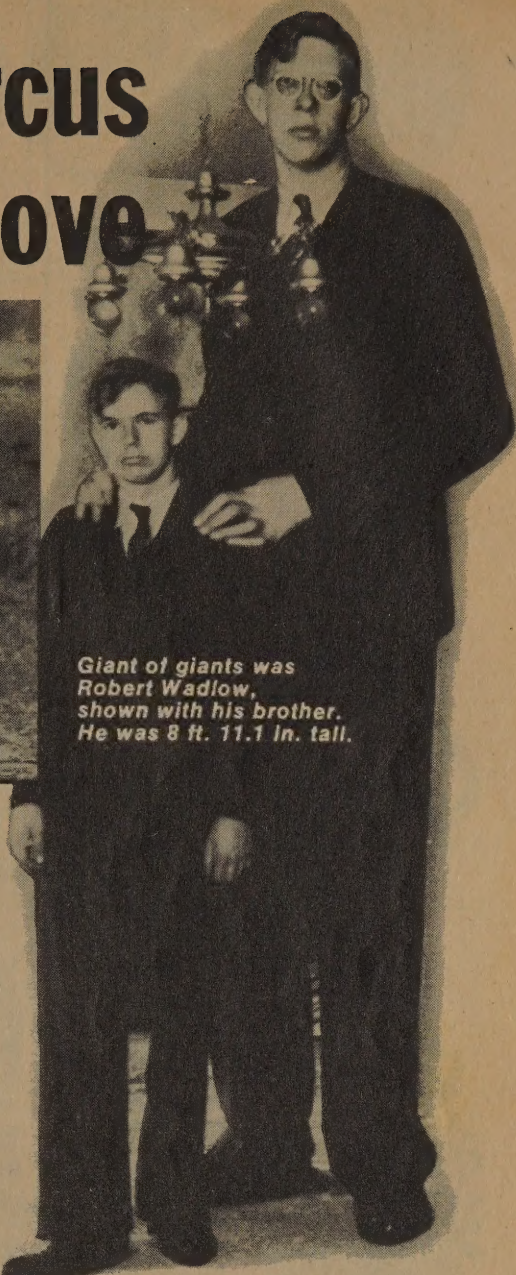
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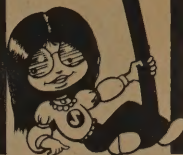
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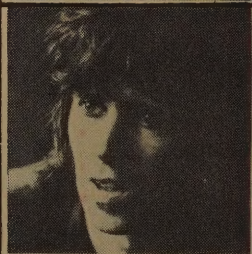
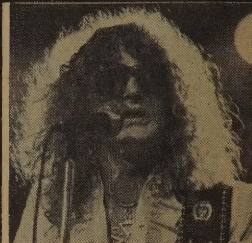
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No. 129
April 1975

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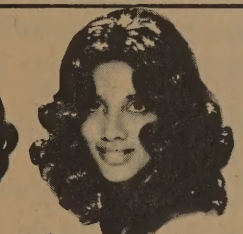


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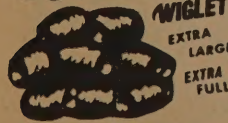
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WE READ YOUR MAIL



Dear Hit Parader!!!

Sometimes I wonder what some musicians think about other musicians. For example what does Gregg Allman think about Mark Farner and vis versel. And what does Jim Dandy think about Robert Plant and vis versel. And what does Roger Daltrey think about Peter Wolf and vis versel. I wish that when you interviewed a solo artist or a band, you would ask them what they think about other bands.

I'd like to see what they had to say, I think you'd get some pretty good answers. Some people say they're a hard rock fan, others say they're a blues fan and others say they're a folk fan. Personally I like what I like, I think it's possible to like Grand Funk and Paul Simon, or the Allman Brothers and Bob Dylan, I just dig music period. I don't think any two bands sound 100% alike; a lot of people say that Grand Funk is just like Black Sabbath. As far as I'm concerned they don't have all that much in common, both of them have their own sound.

James Dean
Rome, Georgia

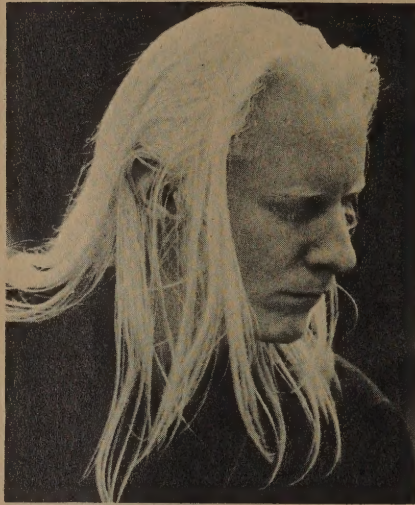
*Dear James,
We're so glad to know that you're alive and well and digging today's sounds. Keep on rockin'! (Ed.)*

Winter Brothers Fan

Dear Editor,

Please correct Richard Robinson. In a recent Hit Parader story about Johnny Winter he said that one would never hear strings or horns on one of Johnny's albums. On his new album, Saints and Sinners, Edgar Winter plays both saxophone and ARP strings and blends them perfectly with Johnny's guitar. It's still Johnny Winter at his best.

Winter Brothers Fan



Dear Hit Parader,

In your December '74 issue Daniel Goldberg had done an excellent review of Santana's Greatest Hits album. I would like to question one point he made in this review. He said, "... Carlos Santana (himself) who is second only to Jimi Hendrix as the greatest rock guitarist to come out of America in the Sixties ...," therefore Goldberg is saying that Santana is now the best rock guitarist in America. I think that Santana is a very fine guitarist but the best American rock guitarist, (or blues guitarist, or slide guitarist) is Johnny Winter. Nobody really realizes the genius of this man. I think Goldberg's statement about Santana was made because he is a tremendous fan of that group, which I could tell from reading the review. In truth there is no doubt that Johnny Winter is the greatest American rock, blues and slide guitarist that will come along for a long while.

Mark Deats
Spring Valley, New York

Dear Mark:

No one loves Johnny Winter more than I do, personally as well as professionally. I was merely attempting to emphasize Carlos Santana's influence on other guitarists. John, great star that he is, plays in the

already established blues guitar world. Let's put it this way — they're both great.

*Affectionately,
Daniel Goldberg*

HEY!

You and every other Rock mag have made a big deal of Freddie King and Todd Rundgren jammin' with Clapton at various dates. South Florida's Clapton concert had Eric joined by Keith Moon and Pete Townshend. Beat that!

Yours,
Patrick Hilger

*Dear Pat,
We can't. (Ed.)*

Dear Hit Parader;

I'm writing in response to your January '75 issue, and all I can say is FAR-OUT!!! I loved your centerfold of Elton John. I'm super picky when it comes to hanging things up, but when I saw that I just knew I'd have to hang it up!!! It's really terrific! Thanks again! Elton's got to be "The Most Sexiest Guy On The Face Of The Earth!" and I would give *anything* to be screwed by him just once! If anyone disagrees with me, all I can say is that you've got to be filled up with something funny. Elton is number 1!

Is it just my imagination or has he taken a liking to Kiki Dee? They would make such a good couple!! Kiki isn't married is she? I hope not, coz' they'd make such a *good* couple! I've already said that before, but oh, well, here it is again: "Elton, start going out with her coz' you look s-o-o-o good together."

Love and remember,
Elton is King of Rock!!!
Suzy J.

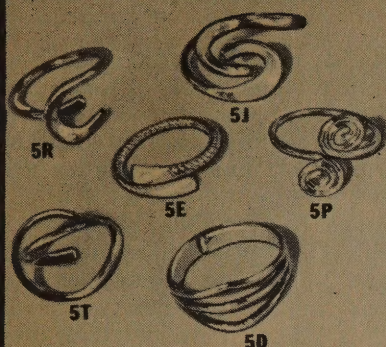
*Dear Suzy,
Elton? Sexy? ... (Ed.)*

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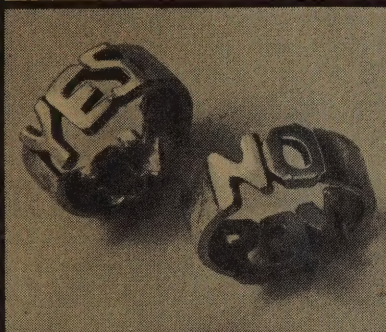
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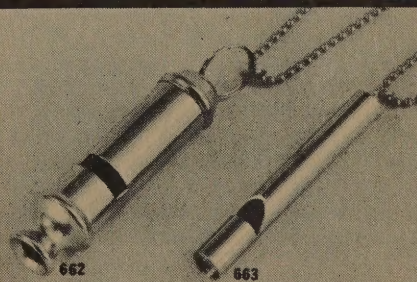
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COUPON ON PAGE 12

FRIPP AND ENO

No Pussyfooting Around

By Scott Cohen



"You think you know what goes on, but you don't. You go on." Everyone thought British rock band King Crimson would go on forever, but after five years and eight albums Robert Fripp, a.k.a. King Crimson, has abdicated. "It was just time for King Crimson to come to an end," Fripp explained as he set out for newer realms.

Robert Fripp is too intellectual and philosophical to "just" do

anything. When pressed, Fripp reveals three more complete reasons for the break-up.

"First, it represents a change in the world. It's a transition from what you might call the old world which is now dead into the new world which is nascent. In the new world the characteristic unit will be small, highly mobile, independent and intelligent."

Fripp goes on. "Whereas once King Crimson was for the best liberal education I could conceive of for a young man, it is no longer the case. I have found something far more useful.

"And, thirdly, the energies that are involved in the lifestyle of the band are no longer right for the way I wish to live."

Fripp gave "Atlantic Records" as an example of old world politics and "pure communism" as an example of the new world. "Hammond Organs and batteries of synthesizers" are examples of old world instruments and "bamboo flutes" are new world instruments. "Howard Hughes and Nixon" are old world people and new world people are "anyone who decides to become that." "Emerson, Lake and Palmer" is an example of old world music and an example of new world music is "Fripp and Eno."

Robert Fripp, a small, mobile intellectual who looks more like an economics student (which he was) than a rock musician, met another small, mobile intellectual named Eno, formerly of Roxy Music and recently voted fourth best miscellaneous instrumentalist in the world. Fripp met Brian Eno through Bryan Ferry, who had once auditioned for the lead vocal spot in King Crimson. It was more than natural that Fripp, whose first love is the electric guitar, and Eno, whose is the tape recorder, "the only instrument I can really handle well," should meet, form a duo and record a very innovative album called "No Pussyfooting."

Robert Fripp's manner makes you hesitate to call him Bob. He is short, stocky and bearded. Wearing wirerim glasses, he looks like a real estate broker, a profession he once

seriously considered. Eno, whom no one ever calls Brian, is small and delicate with thinning blond hair. In contrast to Fripp, who is solid and earthbound, Eno is vaporous and other-worldly, looking as if at any moment he were about to disappear. Eno's etherealness makes Fripp look less a pip than he would otherwise. Their minds, however, mesh so tightly that you wonder how their bodies can be so different.

Fripp and Eno are men of ideas who can talk incessantly about practically anything. Both like the idea of deliberately using musicians who aren't compatible with one another. "By doing that," Eno explains, "you create new frictions. I work from the proposition that the characteristic of art is disorder, not order."

Both look towards fashion and slang. Eno points out that they are incredibly fast barometers of the rate of cultural change. Fripp's favorite slang word is "boogalooga," a word he developed as a non-specific utterance ... "that one could utter with some enthusiasm or write at the bottom of letters when other forms of address may be too specific or too impersonal or too personal."

Another Fripp favorite is "walnut" which describes "the state of one's scrotum when it contracts, like when you come out of a sauna and plunge immediately into icy cold water. In other words, a response which is favorable."

Neither Fripp nor Eno were born with the qualities you would expect in a musician. Fripp, who doesn't sing, played his first song, "Jingle Bells," on the guitar when he was eleven years old, "at the time when I was tone deaf and had no sense of rhythm or timing."

"I asked myself why would a person who is tone deaf and had no sense of rhythm become a musician," Fripp recalls, "and came to the conclusion that I needed music and music needed me."

In that sense Fripp is an inspiration to any aspiring musician lacking natural talent. He, however, still can't dance, which explains why much of his music is so undanceable.

"Never being a good enough

musician to steal from others probably caused me to develop an original style," Fripp admits. Some of the musicians he was listening to at the time he formed King Crimson were Bartok, Debussy, Ravel, Hendrix and Clapton. Today he listens mostly to Bartok, Debussy, Ravel and "the sounds of nature, the nature noises."

Like Fripp, Eno is totally obsessed with technology and philosophy, systems and theories, but is kinky enough to come off interesting rather than boring. He produced the Portsmouth Sinfonia, an orchestra whose only requirement is that you come to four rehearsals; any ability to play an instrument is optional. Part of the Sinfonia's repertoire are such popular classics as *Beethoven's Fifth*, the 1812 *Overture*, the *William Tell Overture*, the *Nutcracker Suite* and the *Sugarplum Fairy*. The orchestra plays only the parts everyone knows. Their show stopper *Thus Spake Zarathustra* lasts only two minutes.

In addition, Eno has added to his already incredible tape collection of over two million feet of tape, his wonderful recording of the United States Air Force Starfighter jet. Prior to his first Island Records album "Here Comes The Warm Jets," he was a member of Roxy Music until he was asked to leave when he started to get too much attention from fans and critics.

"No Pussyfooting" is the result of the Fripp-Eno collaboration. The title of the album is not the best title for the music. "The Heavenly Music Corporation" on side one and "Swatiska Girls" on side two aren't

the best titles either because neither tells you what the music is really about. But the album jacket does. On the cover is a color photograph of Fripp and Eno posing in a cubical lined with mirrors. The mirrors endlessly reflect of both similar and varied sounds which are repeated over and over, creating a mysterious hypnotic drone that goes on into infinity. The album was recorded with only two tracks, a Gibson Les Paul guitar with the Fripp Pedalboard and Frizzbox. Eno worked two modified Revox A77 tape recorders, "with the guitar going through one Revox and into the other, building up a tape loop effect that sounds like fifty guitars."

Originally Fripp wanted "The Heavenly Music Corporation," which is perfect for meditating, to be entitled "The Transcendental Music Corporation," but Eno was afraid people would think they were serious and nix it.

"Eno, while walking towards the studio the night of the mix," recalls Fripp, "saw upon the pavement a piece of paper from some magazine with the headline 'Swatiska Girls' on it. On it were these naked girls with swatiska emblems on their sleeves. On the back was this maiden in bondage ... Eno, having some interest in bondage, thought this appropriate. Since he left side one to me I left side two to him."

"No Pussyfooting" came from the slogan Fripp had written on a piece of paper and planted on the mixer in the studio the night the record was being recorded. "No Pussyfooting" is the best thing I've ever done," Fripp remarked triumphantly. Un-

fortunately the album, which was released in England almost a year ago, probably won't be released in America because Atlantic Records fears it won't be supported here.

Will Fripp and Eno tour? Fripp has no idea. "It wouldn't be touring in the normal sense of the word. It depends upon who wants us and not too many people will."

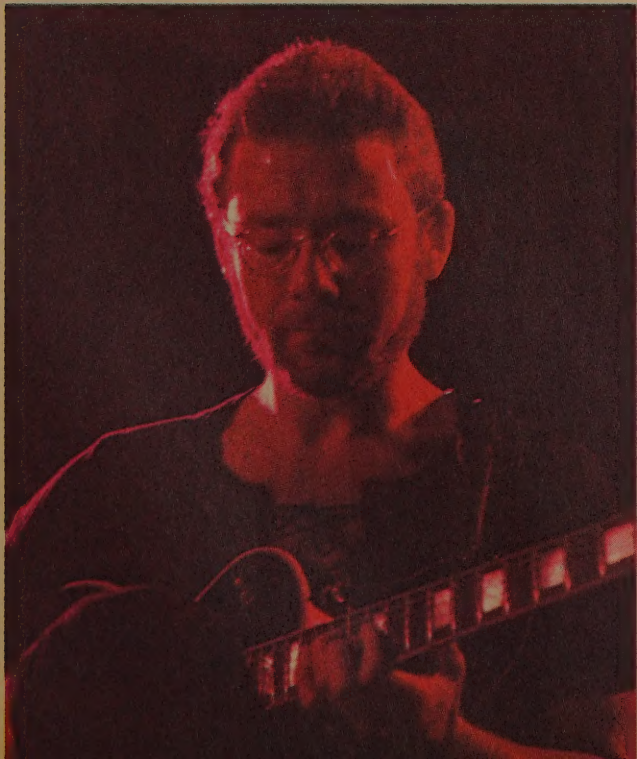
Considering their intellectual approach to music, they would be more likely to perform in an art gallery or museum situation than a concert hall. "In a small concert hall or a large lecture hall," Fripp thinks, "with no more than four or five hundred people."

Outside of touring, both Fripp and Eno are open to offers for production work, which fits into their definition of being mobile and independent. Their names are in the phone book and they welcome callers. Fripp is also available for guitar lessons.

"For some time I've been pondering the creation of a new guitar technique which will cause a change in the personality of the person going through the discipline."

"In learning technique, the person will be put under enough stress to force him to develop emotionally and mentally, and these feelings involved will change his personality."

At the same time Fripp is working at developing techniques for better living. "I asked myself the basic question, 'Do you want to live,' and as soon as I answered that the rest came easy." He is working at becoming a small, highly mobile, independent, intelligent unit, fully prepared for the new world. □



SET THE CONTROLS POUR LE COEUR DE SOLEIL (And Two White Wines Please)

By Roy Hollingworth



Two years ago, when I was busily engaged re-writing the complete works of William Shakespeare in Turkish, my boss gave me 200 English pounds and an air-ticket, and told me to get lost for a month.

It was a subtle, and polite way of getting rid of me for a while, due to the fact that my moods of madness were causing

no small amount of chaos in the office. I had stooped to systematically wrecking typewriters, and swearing that the buggars had fallen to pieces themselves. I was also refusing to review albums pleading that I had a painful bout of tone-deafness; and there was no way anyone could get me to interview a rock artist. "I

have no more questions to ask; and they have no more answers to give" I would state, and then go down to the pub and discuss women, and steamtrains.

Well, I opened the air-ticket - which was thick as a meatball sandwich - and did a quick doubletake. "London to Paris; Paris to Hamburg; Hamburg to

Rome; Rome to Zurich; Zurich to Brussels; Brussels to Amsterdam; Amsterdam to London. Nice one, but what do you want from me. "Write about rock and roll in Europe. Find it, and write about it."

Now we always had this running joke in the office about European rock and roll. Typical British snobbery and cynicism it was. Frenchmen sang seedy ballads wearing Pierre Cardin suits and blow-waved hair: wiggling their little bums, and whispering "Ma leetle baby."

Germans wore leather-hosen, sucked sausages, and played robust accordions; Italians were only four-feet tall and had to stand on stools to reach a microphone; while the dutch tap-danced in clogs saying "Ya is good no?". It was with this malicious state of mind that I boarded a BEA Trident to Paris, and set myself up in The Esmeralda Hotel, right in the middle of the bawdy Left Bank. I spent the first day drinking cognac, wine, and eating cous-cous in a filthy Algerian dive, and wondering how the hell I was going to run into the local rock and roll scene.

Well, I phoned a journalist chum who informed me "zat most of ze progressive locals bands play at ze Golf Drouet nightclub, which is good place and hip too." Well, quick as a flash I was into a cab, and hurtling across the Seine like a bat out of Hell. I think we picked off a good half-dozen pedestrians on the way, and hit the side-walk three times (just for kicks). My stomach was half-way up my neck when I crawled out, and I threw the cabbie a bundle of notes, and fled.

The Golf Drouet was indeed a strange place. It was like a re-make of Fellini's "Satyricon" on a low budget. Spiders wearing jeans stuck close to the wall; strange women wearing Christmas trees and black lipstick curled their way across the floor; crabs with frizzed hair crawled between your legs; lizards in velvet-jackets slowly gurgled their cognac. On stage four Neanderthal men played a cross between Pink Floyd and La Guardia Airport.

"Zees are our finest progressive group" the owner informed me; green saliva dribbling from his lips, and thick tufts of black hair on the backs of his hands. "Can



I get vous a leetle drink." He brought me something that I swear had a purple vapour rising from it. Actually it was pretty good stuff - I could feel my socks burning after two shots. Two thousand strobe lights were then turned on as the lead guitarist started a skin-scorching break that sounded like a DC-3 flying through a wall. I felt my brain hurt, and feared that the jelly in my eyes was going to melt, and the buggars would just plop out.

"They're quite good", I ventured. "Good!" the owner explained, sucking a raw snail from its shell "zay are incredible, zay are ze new Pink Floyd." Why, what happened to the old Pink Floyd? I asked. "Zay DIED when Syd Barrett left" was his terse reply. Actually I really dig Syd, so I told him I admired his taste. He smiled, bought me another shot of H₂-SO₄. "Tell zem back in England that we are reaching new limits of ze cosmic rock in France." You mean you're REALLY setting the controls to the heart of the sun? "Vat do you mean?" he asked. Ha, it's okay Henri, just a leetle English, how you say, joke?

Well, I left France on a 747, which was flying to Tokyo - but stopping off at

Hamburg. The damned thing was full with about 4,000 incredibly small Japanese persons, who got caught in your trouser cuffs, or fell in your drink. I found two wriggling in my hair by the time we hit Hamburg Flughafen, and I was damned glad to get off the thing.

Ah, Hamburg, sweet Hamburg, home of the prostitute, fine beer, and the famous Star Club - where The Beatles used to play four sets a night for about fifty dollars. That was with Pete Best on drums, and when Lennon and McCartney wore black leather motorcycle jackets - and looked like EVIL lads.

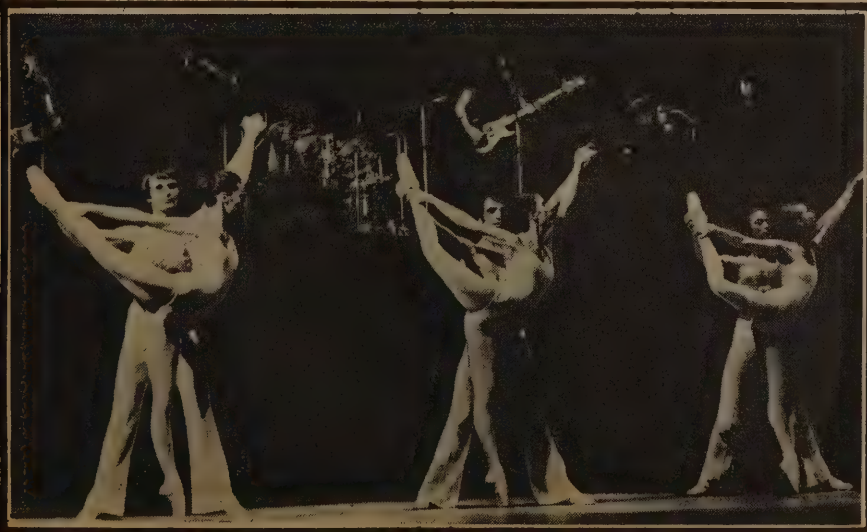
First-off I was invited to a recording session at Polydor's Studios for James Last. Now James Last is about 8 ft. tall, leads an orchestra, and sells one million records every time he puts one out. He's the Lawrence Welk of Germany, and I shuddered at what I'd let myself in for. But there was fuck-all else to do that night, so I tagged along.

"Can you sing?" asked the guy from Polydor. "Like a Welsh miner", I replied, puzzled by the question. "Zen take zis", he replied, and handed me a bottle of Jack Daniels. "Can I have a glass?", I asked. "Nein, drink it from der bottle, it's all yours, you'll need it." Now what was actually happening was that James was recording an album of "Party Singalong Favorites", and he'd invited about 30 people to the studio to just get loaded and sing along - make it sound like a real party like, y'know.

Well, we got loaded. I did two thirds of the bottle and was singing in fluent German - which is strange, because I only know three words. Then they broke out the champagne, and people started doing strange things, like standing on their heads playing trumpet. Shit, I've been on some heavy sessions - but this was like there was going to be no tomorrow.

Actually, looking back on it, I don't think there was. I came round on the Wednesday, and seeing as the session had been on Monday night ... Mmmm.

The following night in Hamburg was a
(continued on page 42)





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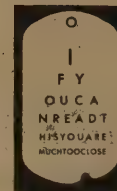
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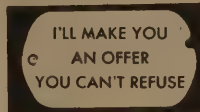
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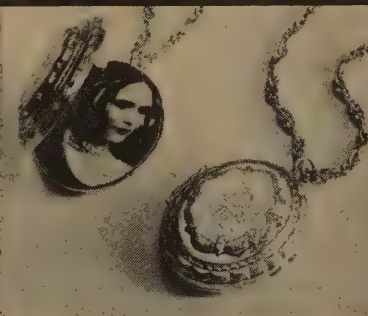
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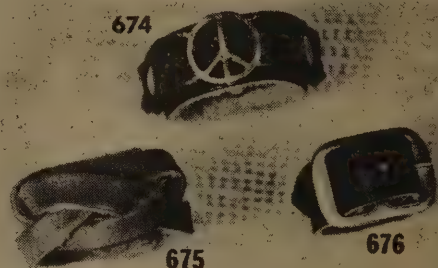


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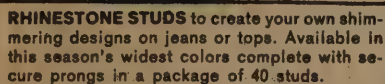


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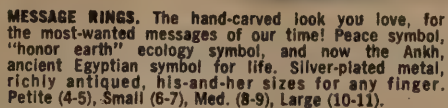
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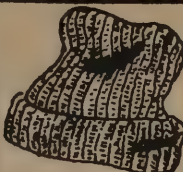
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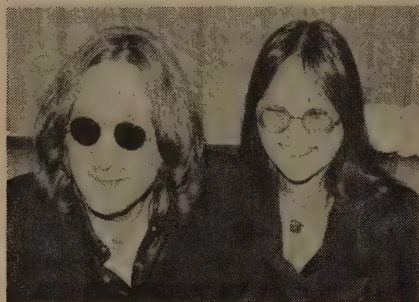
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ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson

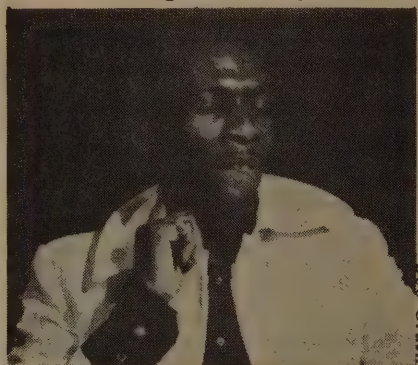
John Lennon almost single-handedly brought back Beatlemania in New York City recently when he attended the premier of "Sgt. Peppers' Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road" at the Beacon Theater. Accompanied by May Pang, (and *not* wearing his "Sgt. Pepper" uniform as planned), John tried to make his way past the mobs assembled outside of the theater and the duo nearly got knocked down. As bodyguards had to be enlisted to get them inside, fans with instamatics and screams followed; all the way into the aisle near where Lennon was sitting, and they didn't let up until the last minute when the show finally began. John seemingly took it all in stride, although it must have Brought Back Memories.



John Lennon and May Pang

"Sgt. Pepper" is an entertaining and colorful vehicle for lots of Lennon/McCartney songs; (more than were on the original album). A loose plot weaves the songs together, it's about a boy who's taken in by evil music business moguls (sort of a cross between Faust and "Expresso Bongo") when he puts rose colored glasses on. But in the end, justice triumphs, etc. etc. The role of Billy was taken over almost last minute by Ted Neely, who was flown in from L.A. when former lead Bruce Scott fell from a 24 foot tower and broke his leg. Alaina Reed - in the role of Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds - practically steals the show with her amazing voice and incredible costuming. While the performances are certainly adequate, the stage is

visually dominated by the directorial visions of Tom O'Horgan. O'Horgan, the man who did the same for "Hair", "Lenny", and "Jesus Christ Superstar" - fills the show with huge, colorful props and an almost constant movement; it's vaguely reminiscent of the circus. Only with more familiar music. There is no doubt that this show will be yet another of Stigwood's huge hits.



Jimmy Cliff

Following the opening night, Lennon joined about five hundred other invited guests at a party given by Robert Stigwood at the Hippopotamus Club. Included in the melee were the Ronettes, Wayne County, Alice Cooper, Bianca Jagger, Andy Warhol, etc. etc.

Jimmy Cliff performed his first concert in America at Carnegie Hall recently. Cliff, who is largely known here for the film "The Harder They Come", had a very devoted following in evidence; they cheered all the songs, especially the ones like "Many Rivers To Cross" and "The Harder They Come" from the film. Wearing a white suit, and displaying some amazing dance steps ala "Soul Train", Cliff proved to be an incredibly charismatic performer.

Mott the Hoople rumours have been running rampant, especially in New York where lead singer Ian Hunter recently came to recuperate from physical exhaustion. Hunter, who checked into a hospital in Morristown, New Jersey, has been resting up at his manager's home in Westchester; the group's UK tour cancelled. Plans are still underway

for them to record in England around Christmastime, but there still are persistent whispers that they may have a new name, or a new lineup. Or that Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson might go do something together, or that Ian will go out on his own, with Mott backing him for part of the stage set. This has all been speculation, more later.

Patti Smith introduced Arthur Lee at his concert in Winterland last month when she was out there to do a series of club dates. Having performed for a week at the Whiskey on Sunset Strip, Patti and backing musicians Lenny Kaye and Richard Sohl went to San Francisco. While in North Beach one night, Patti was denied entrance to a club where she was to have performed... because she didn't have any i.d. And, while out on the coast, she recorded one of Jim Morrison's poems - "Ensenada" - during a Ray Manzarak recording session. The four line poem, from one of Morrison's privately published books of poetry entitled "New Creatures", will be included on a track on Manzarak's next Mercury lp.



Mott The Hoople

John Denver will make his film debut in a musical version of "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington". Denver, who writes all of his own material, will compose the score for the new project which is due to go into production shortly after the first of the year. The original "Mr. Smith" starred James Stewart, Jean Arthur and Claude Rains... Cher, who has been signed to Warner Brothers newest "Spector" label, (The label is Phil's...) Phil Spector produced her first single for that label - "A Woman's Story", backed by "Baby I Love You", and an album will be released shortly... When in New York last, David Bowie was acting mighty strange. At a private party given for him after his Radio City Music Hall show David was overheard to say, "I never give a bad performance, the worst that I can do is great... Sometimes I'm incredible, but I'm never worse than great." And

then, to Alice Cooper who smiled and acted like a gentleman throughout, "I admire what you do, but you're burlesque, a performer. I'm an artist." Followed by (this in response to a question asked by a local reporter) "Questions! Questions! Questions! Everybody's always asking me questions! Let me have a moment's rest!"



Clive Davis' book, "Clive: Inside The Record Business" is out. Written by the former President of Columbia Records, who has just started Arista Records, the book focuses on Davis' years at Columbia from 1960 through 1973. Starting with the first artist he brought to the company - Donovan - and continuing through such signings as Janis Joplin, Chicago, Santana, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Laura Nyro, Johnny Winter, Edgar Winter, The Mahavishnu Orchestra, Loggins and Messina, and Billy Joel - Davis covers his personal as well as professional relationships with these and other recording biggies.

George Harrison ended up his mammoth U.S. tour when he came to New York's Madison Square Garden for three days mid-December ... Maggie Bell's next lp - "Suicide Sal", features the guitar playing of Jimmy Page on two of the tracks: "If You Don't Know" and "Hold On". (The latter written by Simon Kirke of Bad Company, and never before recorded.) Also on the lp are "Wishing Well" (written by Paul Rodgers), "Suicide Sal", (which Maggie helped to write), "My Love Was In Chains", "What You Got", "In My Life" (a Leo Sayer song), "I Saw Him Standing There" (Beatles), "Coming On Strong" (Zoot Money), "It's Been So Long" (Phil May composition) ... and the album was produced by Maggie's manager, Mark London.

Rumours are now that Bob Dylan has bought a huge farm in Malibu, and that he's filing for divorce ... Seen together at the L.A. "Lenny" premiere, Kitty Bruce and Rick Springfield ... Biggest hit this winter in London was Gary Shearston's "I

Get A Kick Out Of You" ... Bryan Ferry will do a series of solo concerts in London this month; no plans are set yet for him to do the same in the States, although Roxy will tour here in February ... Nico performed in concert at the Rheims Cathedral in Rheims, France ... Led Zeppelin's tour will take them all across the U.S. over a period of three months - with a break in between. The first half is as follows:

January 18th - Minneapolis Sports Centre;

January 20, 21, 22 - Chicago Stadium;

January 24th - Cleveland Coliseum;

January 25th - Indianapolis Arena;

January 27th - St. Louis, Missouri Arena;

January 28th - Greensboro, North Carolina Coliseum;

January 31st - Detroit, Olympia Stadium;

February 1st - Pittsburgh, Pa. Arena;

February 3rd - Madison Square Garden, NYC;

February 4 - Boston Gardens;

February 6th - Montreal, Canada Forum;

February 7th - Madison Square Garden;

February 8th - Philadelphia, Pa., Spectrum;

February 10th - Washington, D.C., Capitol Centre;

February 12th - Madison Square Garden, N.Y.C.;

February 13th, 14th - Nassau Coliseum, Long Island. The second half of the tour will begin in March.

As usual, Zeppelin will have no opening act, and they will perform approximately a two and a half hour show ... including numbers from their new, double lp - "Physical Graffiti".



Patti Smith

Alice Cooper placed fourth in the recent Nashville Pro/Celebrity Golf Invitational, but he had to play while thousands of fans tried to get his autograph and some of his souvenir golf balls. Alice also has been keeping in shape by taking dance lessons from two of the Hollywood greats - Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire ... Peter Seller has recorded with Steeleye

Span, and may perform with the British folk-rock group later on. His ukelele solo is featured on a cut called "New York Gals" ... Bonnie Bramlett has been signed to Capricorn Records...Rick Derringer is recording an up-to-date version of "Hang On Sloopy" - the hit he had with the McCoys in 1965 ... Nilsson back in the studio in RCA to record, with the Esso Trinidad Band backing him up and Ringo playing drums. Elton John arrived in New York City for his Madison Square Garden concerts with a rather large entourage that took up the better suites in two posh New York hotels ... Stevie Wonder performed in concert at Madison Square Garden in a benefit for the underprivileged and the aged ... Wings performed in a concert in England, in the Lewisham Odeon recently. Introduced by Rod Stewart as his brother and sister, Paul and Linda McCartney showed up for a chorus of "Mine for Me" ... David Essex - who is fabulous in his newest film, "Stardust" - has been storming across Europe this recent tour. It's been one of the most successful in a season where rock business hasn't been that great. He's been the recipient in England of the kind of teenybopper fan adulation usually reserved there for the Osmonds, or David Cassidy, or formerly - the Beatles.



Richard Creamer

"Good Night Vienna"

The Rolling Stones go back into the studio in Munich to record another album. Half of the disc will be done there, then the rest will be laid down either in Canada or the United States ... Spooky Tooth have broken up ... Lou Reed will tour England after the first of the year ... The special two album Who sets are part of the 10th anniversary celebration of the group.

Capitol Records threw a party to celebrate Ringo's new album "Good Night Vienna" in Los Angeles recently. On hand were huge spaceships on top of the Capitol Tower and ... Ringo, resplendent in space suit. □



By Lisa Robinson

The first time I saw Roxy Music was when Richard Williams (then an enthusiastic editor of a British music newspaper) took me to Guilford, in England - about two years ago. At that time they were on the verge of becoming the biggest sensation England would know for awhile, although hardly anyone in America had heard of them. (Usually if you mentioned Roxy, one would say, "Oh, that band that used to be on Elektra that had that fabulous 'Rock and Roll Circus' song?" No, wrong band, different thing altogether.) Anyway, I adored them from the moment they stepped onstage; Bryan Ferry looking slightly dangerous in black and slick-backed hair ... crooning "flying down to Rio" (now how many rockstars did *that*?) Eno - weird, with the ostrich feathered ensemble and the strange sounds, and the rest of the band playing music that sounded strange ... but promising. Of course, most of the kids in the audience responded best to "Virginia Plain" - their single hit which had gone to Numero Five in the British charts. It was obvious that Roxy was on its way.

It was even more obvious when backstage, several fifteen year old girls wearing pleated skirts, knee sox, and just a dab of glitter on their eyelids managed to sneak into the dressing room and get Bryan Ferry, who was almost giggling along with them to sign autographs.

It's almost three years and three Roxy albums later, and Roxy is the biggest thing in England. You

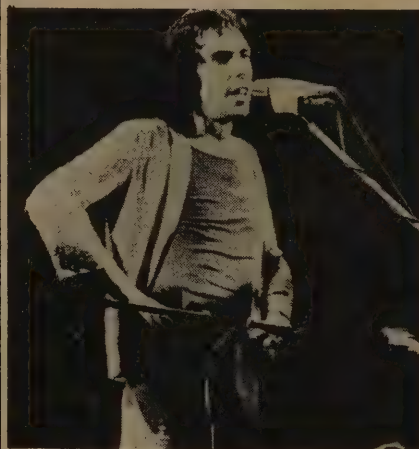
probably won't find Bryan signing any autographs in dressing rooms (at least I'd be mighty surprised if he did), but people in America still aren't too sure of who they are. All this should change, however, with the Atlantic Records release of *Country Life* - Roxy's newest, and perhaps most accessible lp.



To say an album is accessible runs the risk of implying that it's commercial - or boring. Not so with this album, it's just more direct; Bryan's amazing voice is right up front, and the songs are coherent while still maintaining the aura of experimentation so important to Roxy's music. Bryan's songs are varied in rhythms, melodies - yet they're all perfect vehicles for his vocal talents. Actually, much as I love his solo albums, I'd rather hear Ferry sing Ferry than Cole Porter. Outstanding cuts are "The Thrill of It All", "All I Want Is You" - very rock and roll fused with interesting instrumentation; "If It Takes All Night" sounds like an old r&b song gone a bit beserk (I wish Bryan had

tapes of those days when he used to sing "Midnight Hour"); and "Bitter Sweet" is in the stranger Roxy tradition, very European ... Germanic sounding song. Roxy's come a long way from what was once considered a *very* strange band; John Peel initially described them as sounding like "terror in the rue morgue" - yet they haven't lost any of the sexiness, any of the drama. For god's sake, if you haven't picked up on them yet, give *Country Life* a listen.

After he left the Velvet Underground, John Cale made some of my favorite albums. *Paris 1919* and *Vintage Violence* in particular, (on Warner Brothers and Columbia, respectively) - both of which are magnificent recordings that didn't sell as much as they should have. That's always been John's problem. Classically trained (he plays about ten instruments, composes, arranges, conducts "real" music as well as rock and roll ...), he's had perhaps one of the most varied careers of any contemporary musician. From playing the viola and being beserk with the Velvet Underground, to producing the Stooges, Nico, himself, and then Jenifer, John's musical activities have always been a bit ambiguous and strange.



After "Academy in Peril" - recorded in part with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at St. Giles' Church in London - John had been lifing fairly quietly in California. Racing cars, tennis, and deciding what to do next was how he spent his time. Fortunately, Island Records signed him and brought him over to London - where he went a bit beserk again for awhile and managed to record *Fear*, his latest

RECORDS

album. *Fear* is John at his best; maniacal, crazed, yet the emotional impact is all housed in magnificent songs. The title track, when John sings (and I think it's a tossup between John and Bryan Ferry as to who is my favorite singer at the moment ...) "fear is a man's best friend" ... and then goes on to SCREAM it at the end of the cut ... well, it's everytime you wanted to clench - your - fists - together - and - shriek put to music. "Gun" should have been a long (!) single - it's such a good rock and roll song; "Buffalo Ballet" is one of those melodic, lovely Cale compositions almost in the *Paris 1919* traditions, (refrains of "sleeping in the midday sun" with harmonies on top of harmonies) "The Man Who Couldn't Afford To Orgy" and "You Know More Than I know" are also lush ballads, proving once again that this man was really the one from the Velvet Underground who deserves to be a star. When Island releases this lp here - get it. Also, if you get a chance to get an import single of John doing "Heartbreak Hotel" (yes, the Presley one) do - it's beserk, and stunning.

Actually - I take it back. Bryan Ferry and John Cale and Nico are my favorite singers. (And Genevieve Waite too - but that's for another time ...) Nico - the inaccessible, frightening, moon goddess of the sixties. Playing the harmonium in the hot, steamy and crowded Steve Paul's The Scene, opening the show at Carnegie Hall for the Incredible String Band, the chanteuse for the Velvets, moviestar for Fellini in "8½", - the ultimate in icy, Germanic sexiness. Distant, detached, strong. Her albums - mostly produced by John Cale - are the kinds that you'd want to play as you walk along an empty beach, or sit alone in a lonely hotel room while you sip pernod and wait for the full moon to be over ... *Marble Index* and *Desertshore* in particular are

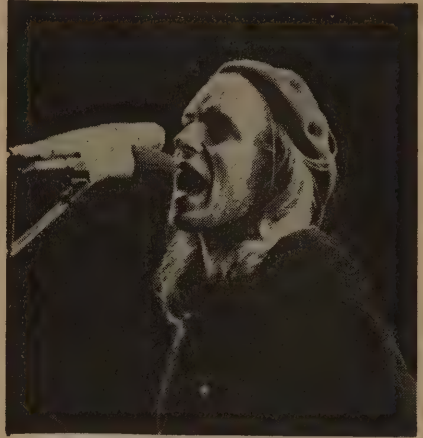
not light, pleasant records, they demand your attention.



And so does Nico: *The End*, just released by Island Records. Once again - John Cale has done the producing, the arranging and plays many of the instruments, along with Eno and Phil Manzanera. Side One has five original Nico compositions - they're all haunting, beautiful; her voice is - always will be - one of the most original. there isn't another like it in the world. On Side Two she does Jim Morrison's "The End" in the tone of voice of someone who's been there. Described by Nico as "a harmless little song", "Deutschland Uber Alles" ending up the lp actually does manage to sound quite stirring. But it is really her own music, aided by the great Cale productions and of course her own demonic aura, that makes this album a powerful, non-compromising work.

Even when he was with Roxy, no one really thought of Eno as a musician, least of all, himself. Yet, with the release of his second "music" lp (I have trouble relating to the one he did with Fripp), *Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy* (Island Records) he may be one of this year's surprises. I liked his first - "Here Come The Warm Jets", with songs like "Babies on Fire" and "Driving Me Backwards"; it was a bit weird, but I kind of liked Eno's voice as well. Some of the songs on this album are actually quite pretty - the music has developed in such a way that it can no longer just be considered a vehicle for Eno's electronic experimentation. He's definitely writing melodies, and what's more, he's singing them. The "tunes" range from sheer rock and roll to things that are highly

reminiscent of German marching bands, something Eno seems more than just a bit obsessed with. There are some waltzes too. An interesting lp, *Taking Tiger Mountain*; especially to see what the man who has been so involved with John Cale, Nico, and of course - his beginnings in Roxy - is up to.



Some extra lp notes: Judy Rubin says that Genesis' latest album, *The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway* still manages to maintain the English fantasy effect that is this band's trademark - even while telling a story based in New York City. She also said that Tony Banks' keyboard playing is more prominent on this lp than before, and that "The Waiting Room" sounds spacier, closer to the early Genesis lps than recent ones. ... As far as Bob Dylan's new lp, *Blood on the Tracks* (Columbia), all I can say is if you liked *Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*, you'll love this. Very acoustic, (most of the numbers are really done with just Bob on the guitar, harmonica, occasionally there's a bass in there somewhere, and one or two numbers have other musicians), it's really what people will consider The Old Dylan. I wasn't ever too interested in the Old Dylan (with the exception of *Blonde on Blonde* and some of the rock and roll stuff, and now I'm beginning to think that the drugs wrote those songs), so *Blood on the Tracks* didn't knock me out. As a matter of fact, if I never hear another harmonica again, it can't be too soon. There is, however, one song titled "Idiot Wind" that almost has a biting, angry/alive sound to it that's vaguely interesting; the rest of the songs seem to tell stories that just don't seem to really matter anymore. □

REPORT FROM LONDON

By Charles Shaar Murray

Anyone viewing British rock history as some kind of cyclical operation is probably cruising for his seventeenth heart attack of the decade right now. For the last four years, everything that moves has stimulated someone to come up with an ecstatic pronouncement along the lines of "Lookie here, y'all, dis am de new Beatles / Stones / Dylan / Who / Presley." Two or three years ago, T. Rex were supposed to be the new Beatles — or maybe it was Slade. It's getting hard to tell from here. They even started touting the Bay City Rollers for the gig. Anyway, the whole business of touting someone as "the new *anybody*" has started to reek of a kind of foul desperation arising out of a clear-cut case of terminal boredom.

I mean, how do *you* stand on Bruce Springsteen as the new Dylan?

The first thing we're gonna have to get straight if we can once again commence regarding rock with even the faintest semblance of rationality is that the history of rock is that and no more: history. There is no more reliable way of thoroughly misunderstanding a phenomenon than to start blindly comparing it to something that happened ten or fifteen years ago. Obviously, each generation does require many of the same things that its predecessors required, obviously, history does occasionally repeat itself, and obviously conclusions can be drawn from correlating past and present. But frantic dashes to the files every time something looks like happening end up being more than slightly futile and self-defeating.

Nothing remotely approximating the impact of the Beatles has been seen in this decade. Nobody has

come anywhere near to the way the Beatles and the Stones virtually created British rock music out of a few scraps of borrowed blues and soul licks and a total dissatisfaction with what had gone down before. The idea was to *create* something, not simply to recycle the licks played by somebody else the year before.

Whereas now the experimenters are out on the peripheries and not on the radio. There is a crying need for some kind of New Thing that everybody can relate to, but all that's happening on the radio is production-line fluff based by and large on Gary Glitter's hits, plus regular contributions by long-time worthies like the Who and the Stones — who aren't exactly flooding the market with singles.

So far, the '70s have only produced three major British acts who've really said anything. Bowie and T. Rex were late developers from the '60s and anyway Marc Bolan couldn't even get himself arrested in England any more. Them three are Roxy Music, Slade and Mott The Hoople.

Of the three, Slade made by far the strongest initial impact, and are now the most disappointing. They started out coming on like some kind of revolution; now they're just another band. In the beginning, they were epic; working-class, raunchy, totally in tune with the kids and knocking out classic singles almost too fast for one to absorb them. Finally, they grew up, they got sensitive and self-conscious. They're still okay — but they're no longer anything to get off on.

Mott are currently embarking on Phase III of their career, with the added impetus of the presence of

Mick Ronson. Their current single and album were intended to be their last, but having resuscitated themselves for the second time, they're back in there fighting. They're tremendous live, and I'm looking forward to their next studio album.

In terms of masscult and image manipulation, Roxy Music are by far the biggest group in England. Led Zep or the Who or the Stones may sell more records and play to more people, but in terms of the effortless seizure of the public imagination, Bryan Ferry and his employees have outbid everybody. Since they've as yet failed to transcend the Trans-Atlantic communications barrier and only a few bi-lingual rock critics (like your very own editor, frinstance) have sussed them out, it's hard to tell whether any vestige of what they mean over here has really reached you, but over here Roxy rule.

Every album a masterstroke. I appreciate their abilities and even enjoy them most of the time, but the calculated quality that has enabled Ferry to swarm his way to his current position has completely wiped out the real spontaneous pleasure that I derived from their first two albums.

With that in mind, let me tell you about the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

The "Sensational" is part of the name. Alex Harvey is a 39-year-old blues singer from Glasgow (that's in Scotland), and his late brother Leslie used to be the lead guitarist in Maggie Bell's old group Stone The Crows. His band used to be called "Tear Gas", before they joined up with him. None of that really matters.

The point is that Harvey is into modern mythologies. He loves Marvel Comics and thinks that King Kong was the greatest movie ever made. His band's latest album, "The Impossible Dream", which bulldozed into our charts and number 20 last week, is an inspired rock and roll comic book

incorporating mythologies ranging from Sergeant Fury to Mickey Spillane to Treasure Island, all put across with inspired staging and a whole bunch of rock and roll ballziness.

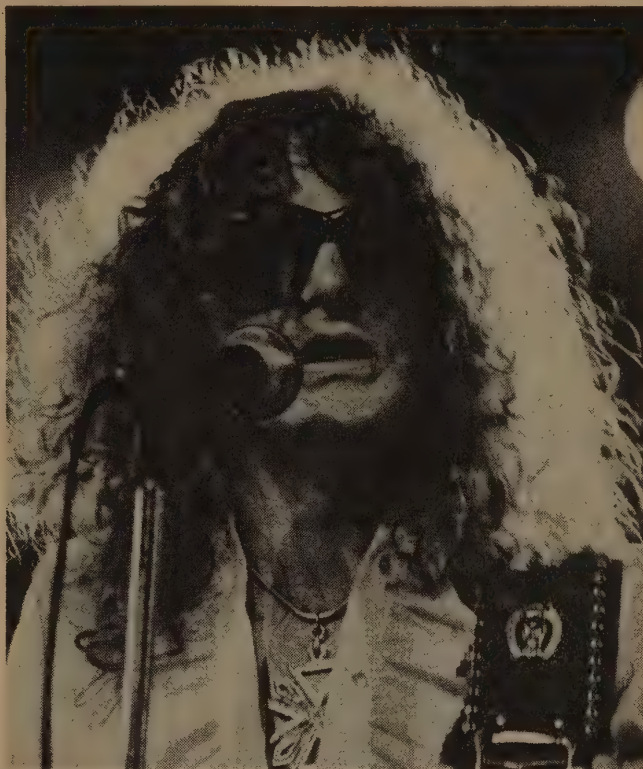
They should be over in your territory around the time you're read-

ing this, and if you want to pick up on the healthiest thing that's happened to British rock in the last few centuries, then get as near as you can to them.

Next month's column should actually be *about* something. See you then. □



Alex Harvey



Ian Hunter



Noddy Holder



Bryan Ferry

JOHNNY WINTER'S NEW DIRECTIONS?

By Lisa Robinson



Johnny Winter was in a very good mood. He had been rehearsing with his new band for the European trip, the new album was about to be mastered, and aside from the fact that he wasn't sure what he would wear onstage in England yet, everything was going along smoothly. Everything, that is, except this interview. One day this reporter was ill, another day the snarling New York traffic prevented us from our date with destiny ... finally after several attempts, Johnny Winter and I managed to talk to each other. "I can't believe

we're finally talking," Johnny laughed, "we've been through so much stuff together. Do you think some mysterious force has been working against us?"

Anyway ... Johnny was excited about the trip to London; "I was trying to figure out last night when the last time I was there was ... seems like it was 1971, it's been quite awhile. People always told me that I would think it was strange over there because the audiences were quieter and more subdued, but I didn't find it that way at all. It was exactly the same as

American audiences, if you do a good job and played rock and roll music people would rock and roll, and if you played quiet music they would sit there and listen." I don't think they toss as many firecrackers, I offer. "Now *that* would be nice," he laughed. "You know, that never really happened at all until last year or so. It seems as though every concert that I've done, or every concert I've gone to ... and it's not all the kids — it's just some of them who come to the concert to raise hell, and don't care. But all that firecracker and bottle throwing stuff in the past year or two has really gotten worse and worse. It's weird that you brought that up because I was talking to Teddy — my road manager, about that the other night, and I said to him if anything ever happens to me with that stuff, and I get really hurt or something ... I don't know, I'll have to put chicken wire around me onstage. Because it's really scary, you could really get hurt bad. We had a bottle thrown at the drums once and it put a dent in the drums set — you can imagine what would happen if that hit someone in the head ..."

"And when the spotlights are on you you can't see anybody ... I don't think they really want to hurt you, they just want to throw things. Maybe they ought to have some kind of a search thing and not let kids into concerts with firecrackers ... bottles, things like that. It's really only the high energy music that does it though. It's like in the early 1950's when they wanted to ban rock and roll because it incited riots and people would go crazy, and even if you don't mean it that way, like we just want people to have a good time. Like a party — we don't want to do anything destructive — I don't know what it is about what I consider good time music that makes people go crazy and want to tear up things. I just consider it goodtime music."

What are you planning to wear onstage on this tour, as is my wont to do. "You know, I've been thinking about that a whole lot, and I don't have the faintest idea. I change from day to day — one night I might really be into being flashy, and wear sequins and silver and gold, and then the next night I feel like wearing blue jeans. I'll just probably take fifteen trunks and decide when I get there ...". I remark that he looks divine in the tuxedo that he's wearing on his forthcoming lp cover ... is that a Ferranti influence? "You know I don't even own a tuxedo, I rented that tux. I did it because it's one of the few things that I had't done, I had never worn a tuxedo in my whole life and thought — well — that would really be strange, I'd like to see what I would look like. Originally it was the photographer's idea, and I thought it was great if it worked out. So now I have to buy my own tux, I really liked it."

As far as the inside of the album is concerned, it's finished except for the mastering. Johnny's written more songs for this record than he has on any record previously. Five of the three are pretty blues based, he says, some of them are blues/rock and some of them are blues the way he used to do it a long time ago. "This album is really

strange," Johnny emphasized, "because it's got some of the really older Johnny Winter stuff that I haven't done in a long time and it's got some very different things that people are not gonna believe are me. Two of the songs I wrote — one of them is a country and western tune about myself called "Love Song To Me" — just about how much I love myself and I wrote another really pretty ballad. And some of the tunes have really large, lush productions with strings, synthesizers, keyboards .. vocal groups, the whole bit. And then there are some real basic three piece tunes, it's the whole extreme from the old Johnny Winter to — well, I don't know if you would call it the new Johnny Winter — but it's just very different. But I'm trying to get to the point of being beyond categorization, you know. People are always saying well — what are you, what are you ... are you a rock and roll player or a blues player, and what do you really want to do? What directions do you want to go in? Well — I want to go in every direction that I'm capable of. I don't want to quit doing what I've been doing. I like that too — but I don't want to feel confined where if I do a slow song, or a ballad, or a country song ... or use a hundred piece orchestra or even just do a blues people would say 'well, Johnny shouldn't be doing that, that's not his style' because I want to be free to experiment and broaden. I don't want to go off into another direction, I just want to broaden what I've been doing and have people accept the things that I do well."

The actual recording part didn't take too long — but Johnny said he'd been working on the record for about four months; writing the songs first, doing some recording ... then doing some more songs and coming back into the Record Plant and recording them. "Usually our albums take us about two weeks to do," Johnny laughed, "because I hadn't been writing that many songs, I'd been doing older things on my other albums ... like old rock and roll standards. It took me more time to try and be more creative this time." The title will be "John Dawson Winter III" — his real name. "I'm using that because it kind of fits the picture on the album cover .. I kind of look like a John Dawson Winter the Third ..."

"I love making records," Johnny continued, "because if you do a good concert you give people a good time and maybe get a good review and then it's over, but with a record you can listen to it fifty years from now and see what you were doing then and you feel like you really created something. It's a lot of fun, but I don't feel quite as comfortable in the studio as I do in front of an audience. I work a lot off the audience, you can tell what they like right then, and you know when they're turned on, and that turns me on. It's harder in the studio, it doesn't build as much."

"I like to listen to my albums again and

again ... but not my old ones; I might not listen to some of them for years and years ... it's not like I go home and listen to my albums all the time ..." What he does listen to, he says, is a lot of old stuff — even from the thirties and the forties ... even the fifties and sixties. "The last few years have been kind of barren musically as far as I'm concerned," he said, "I don't buy that many records and don't listen to the radio much."

One of the songs on Johnny's lp will be a John Lennon contribution. "John wrote a song, really for himself," Johnny said, "and he just didn't like the way he did it that much. And well — John's always been one of my favorite people and he was working at the Record Plant too, and Shelly — my producer, told him that I was doing a record downstairs and asked if he had anything that I might be able to use. And he said, 'year ... I do' ... and gave us a demo of the song and I liked it so we did it. It's called 'Rock & Roll People' and it's kind of a fast shuffle."

"Rick Derringer wrote a tune called 'Roll With Me' for it also, the last couple of days that we were in the studio, and Allen Toussaint wrote a song that we did called 'Mind Over Matter'. We approached a lot of people for songs, and there were over 200 songs that my management people listened to before we made all the selections."

I asked Johnny if there was anything that he hadn't done musically that he harbored a secret fantasy about; he replied, "Well there are two things that I'd like to do and one of them is to put out a complete country — a stone country album sometimes, and then when I'm in the mood for it I'd like to go back and do an album of nothing but blues. I wouldn't like to do either of them right now, but sometime in the future I'd like to do those two things."

With Johnny on this European tour will be Randy Jo Hobbs on bass, Richard Hughes on drums, and Floyd Radford on rhythm guitar. (Floyd previously played with Tin House and White Trash ... all sort of in the Blue Sky / Steve Paul / Winter family.) Johnny is very enthusiastic about the way the new guitar player in particular is working out; "It's really strange, because we hadn't been together about a week, and I wouldn't have taken him on if it hadn't been right. I hadn't seen him since when Steve Paul was managing Tin House, but we got together and practiced a little bit, and it just really worked out. Plus Floyd is turning into a pretty good writer, which I really need. I never considered myself much of a songwriter — although lately I have been doing more songwriting, you can't always tell right away, but this really feels good. Seems like it might be something really great."

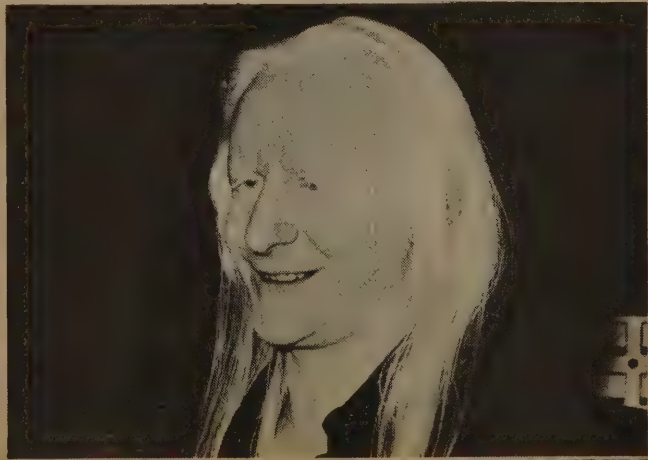
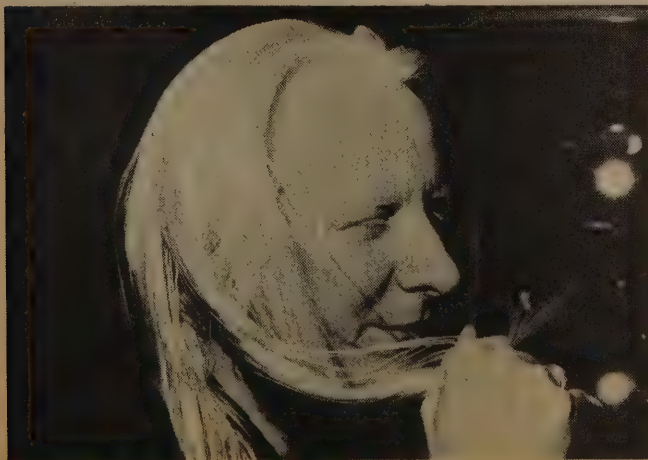
For the guitar aficionados, Johnny takes two guitars with him when he travels, and they're both the same kind — Gibson

Firebirds. "I take one that I play all the time, and the other in case anything happens, if it gets stolen, or a string breaks during the show I can just change it without wasting time. Once I get used to one guitar it's really hard for me to play another one. I've been with this one for four years, probably won't ever change."

I wondered if Johnny's fans got close to him at all, lately he's been out a lot in New York City at variety of clubs and concerts. "It depends on where you go. Most clubs aren't too bad, people are older, and they'll come over and say 'hi, I like your music', and stuff like that. I just don't go places like teenage hangouts where the kids are fifteen and sixteen ... forget it. Or go to a concert and sit in the audience, you really can't talk to anybody because you get pencils shoved in your face or kids saying 'can I have some hair, how about a finger?' or 'is this the hand you play guitar with? I'll take that' .. So I just don't do that anymore, I try and stay away from places like that because you can't really get close to the fans in that kind of situation, or be friends with them .. It's too bad, I used to really try — you know people would ask me do you think being big is going to change your head, and I was determined that I wouldn't change and I would go out and be the same as I was, but it's just impossible. You can't do that, and it's too bad, but things aren't the same. Things that were fun — just aren't anymore. If you go to a concert and try to listen — you know, somebody you really want to hear, and there's people shoving pencils and papers at you from the time you come in until the time that you leave — well, you don't get to hear the band, so what's the use in going? You really have to change your lifestyle and just not do some of the things that you used to like to do. That really bothered me at first, and I finally had to accept it."

As far as his image is concerned — the blues/freak/superstar discovered by Steve Paul in Texas and then all that bit with Kicking The Heroin Habit, Johnny would rather that when he returns to England, people would want to talk to him about Now. "I'm so tired of talking about all of that, I guess people over there will ask me about some of that. But I never tried to hide anything that was happening to me, any of the things I was going through, so I'm pretty sure that everyone over there knows what was going on. I guess I'd talk about it some, but I'd really rather talk about what's going on now than things that are past. It's hard to talk about something with any feeling after you've said it a thousand times, or that people have heard it a thousand times."

As I wished him a bon voyage, and we congratulated each other on finally Doing The Interview, Johnny laughed and said, "Something's going to happen man, I just know it. The tape will probably break." □



YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME

(It's better to suffer with you
than to suffer without you)

BY WAYNE COUNTY



Dusty Springfield

Whenever a love affair of mine comes crashing down around me, out comes all of my DUSTY SPRINGFIELD albums. It happens to all of us at one time in our lives. Too often for alot of us. After first "Wishin and Hopin" for someone to love, then having that wish come true and "Little By Little" building up a wonderful relationship with that one person, all of a sudden you find yourself "In The Middle Of Nowhere", saying, "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself"!!!!

Dusty Springfield is beautiful, soulful, restless and physical. She emerged as the major British female pop singer during the 1964 British Invasion period. She beat out other female singers such as Cilla Black (The female Beatle.) Lulu (To Sir With Love) Kathy Kirby, Sandy Shaw (The barefoot beauty.) Petula Clark ("UPTOWN") No, that was the Crystals, I mean ("DOWNTOWN") Twinkle, and commercially even Marianne Faithful. She made frequent appearances on The Ed Sullivan Show and was the most successful commercially of all the lot. Marianne Faithful shone the brightest in the public's eyes as the swinging Mod with her straight long blonde hair and her pop star boyfriend, Mick Jagger. Mick even wrote her first hit for her (Along with Keith Richard.) "As Tears Go By". I will write some about the other girls a bit later, but

this article is really about Dusty.

She had a string of hits that even beat out alot of the long haired Beat groups of that period. "I Only Want To Be With You", "Stay Awhile", "All I See Is You", "Wishin and Hopin", which reached number one in the States, "All Cried Out", "What's It Gonna Be", "Goin Back", "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself", "Little By Little", "In The Middle Of Nowhere", and her most famous hits "Son Of A Preacher Man", and "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me".

The lyrics to "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me", are brilliant to say the least. The story of someone who is so in love that they are willing to make an absolute fool out of themselves! You don't have to say you love me, just be close-at hand. Just be there so I can gaze at you all night long like a sick dog. Let me just be in the same room with you and touch you every once in awhile. If I can't have you then I don't want anyone else, and I can't live without you! If you leave me I know I will die, die, die!!! In other words I would rather suffer with you than to suffer without you. Don't you feel sorry for this poor girl? You may ask yourself "Is this what love is all about?" Of course the best thing to do would be to say "Fuck you honey, if you think I'm gonna stay home and cry all night over a hustling little tramp like

you, you got another think coming!!!!"

But alas, there are people who just can't cope with a highly emotional love affair, and they stay home crying and senselessly torturing themselves when they could be out on the streets or in some campy bar picking up a new number. They're so insecure that no one loves them that they're willing to take being treated like a mangy dog by some ego triped asshole. Listening to Dusty Springfield can put one into a very massakisstic mood. There's something very glamorously tragic about a person who goes from one love affair to another, finding that none of them ever works out. They shut themselves away, withdraw into themselves, drinking themselves into oblivion, feeling sorry for the entire world as well as themselves, playing all their fave "crying" records and writing farewell lettras that will never be posted. They cry themselves to sleep, thinking that they will never find true love and they're probably right!

It all makes you wonder if mayby Dusty really lives such a life herself. Going through my old copies of Rave mag, I find some very interesting info on our dashing, frozen haired, mucho mascaresd "British maid." We find that she leads a very private life just going out to clubs or movies with close friends. She is suspicious of most people and had only a small circle of friends. She has built a wall around herself and gets paranoid when people stare at her in the streets. She never kids herself about anything and is quite relieved when one of her records becomes a hit.

For those of you who aren't that familiar with Dusty, I suggest that you pick up "Dusty Springfields' Golden Hits". There's a marvelous version of Kitty Kallen's "My Coloring Book". By the way Kitty Kallen also did a fantastic version of Patsy Cline's "She's Got You". Also on this lp is "I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself". Dionne Warwick had a hit with this in the States but Dusty's version is millions of times better! This Golden Hits lp is not only a special treat for the would be Dusty Springfield fans, but for the devoted Dusty fan, it's sheer BLUE HEAVEN hearing all these sad, tearful stories of heart break and painful love affairs gone wrong, all one after the other!!!! And they were all hits as well! And her appearance! She was quite different for a pop star of her time. While all the other female singers were going Beat or Mod, Dusty simply remply remained Dusty. Bleached, teased-hair galore, fifty pairs of false eyelashes, pale pink lipstick and simple (Usually round neck.) knit dresses.

Her voice is unique, unlike alot of sound alike chick singers of today. She had soul and at the same time a mysterious, almost mas-culing gutsiness always prevailed on her recordings. I say had, but I should say has because she is still just as good if not bettra than she was then. She is still putting out

albums but her brilliant talent has been overshadowed by over rated artists such as Aretha and Roberta Flack. Even when she "covers" other people's material it immediately becomes hers. She is brilliant at any type of song. Rhythm and Blues, Rock n Roll, Country or mellow Soul.

Dusty got her first really big break singing with The Springfields. They were really big in Australia and scored big in America and England with "Go Tell Aunt Rhody That The Old Grey Goose Is Dead", and their biggest hit "Silver Threads And Golden Needles". Before long Dusty's talent became evident and she split from The Springfields to go it alone. She hates "desperately masculine" men and her fave actor is Daffy Duck. She doesn't go out with men much at all. She would much rather sit around talking with close friends or chatting about the latest pop scandal. She comes on stage and you know she is cool! When she opens her mouth and that big belting voice comes out, you know you better sit up and listen! But at the same time she can be as gentle as a kitten and sing a beautiful mellow love song that can bring tears to your eyes!

On the "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" lp she does a knockout version of the old Barbara Lewis hit "Oh No Not My Baby". Rod Stewart recently covered this, but not even he, as sexy and professional as he is can match Dusty. It concerns a hopelessly in love girl whose boyfriend is cheating on her behind her back. All her friends come to her and tell her the truth. Her boyfriend is a run around and he's doggin her around. The poor heart sick girl denies the truth and lies to herself, singing "Oh no not my baby, oh no not my sweet baby. He's not like those other guys who lead you on and tell you lies." It turns out that it was only a last minute fling and her boyfriend gives her a ring and she's glad she went right on saying "Oh No Not My Baby."

Also on this lp is an interesting version of the old Richie Valen's hit "La Bamba." "Long After Tonight Is All Over" is one of the best tracks. She meets this guy and spends one night with him and all of a sudden is in love. She knows that this is her long awaited love. The one she's been waiting on all her life. "Who Can I Turn To" is a hoot. After hearing the likes of Eydie Gorme and Jerry Vale do this, it is totally refreshing to hear a song that I have hated for so long finally come to life and almost (But not quiet!) sound beautiful. By the way Anthony Newley (David Bowie's one time idol.) wrote this tune. Complete with such terribly corny lyrics as "I must go where destiny leads me." Dusty manages to turn this horrible old Musak fave into something at least passible. "If It Don't Work Out", believe it or not

was written by Rod Argent. That's right, Argent is an English rock group. He also used to be with The Zombies who had a smash with "She's Not There". This up tempo number complete with lashing violens and calipso bongos is a catch little tune that brings a welcome relief from the sappy "Who Can I Turn To". "It Was Easier To Hurt Him", is a masterpiece. For once the girl is guilty of doing her man wrong. Now he's gone because she hurt him and now she is all alone and sorry. She realizes that she really had a good thing! "I Can't Hear You", is a rocker. This Gerry Goffin and Carole King number is a perfect vehicle for Dusty's belting voice. In this song the girl has wised up to a hustling ego tripped boyfriend. She's tired of being done wrong so she has closed her ears to his sweet talk. She sings, "You ain't reaching me no how, no way, no time till dooms day, I can't hear you no more." Toward the end a Bo Diddley beat comes to the front and Dusty is frantic with determination of not letting this heart breaking, sweet talking man get to her. Tell it to him Dusty!!!

The lp closes with "I Had A Talk With My Man". This sort of glad to be unhappy song really can put one into a melancholy mood. Lots of slow mournful soulful piano playing. The girl had a talk with her man last night and he made her know that she was the star of the show. He consoles her that he won't ever need anyone else but her. She's crying and he's kissing the tears from her eyes. Seems that some of her evil friends have been spreading some vicious rumors! Then finally he asks her to marry him. As if that will solve anything. You can get a ring on his finger but honey you can't put a padlock on his safe cracker!!!

All of this brings to mind an old affair I once had. It seems that every one of Dusty's songs brings back a painful memory for me. Was I ever in love? Well, I called it love. There were moments when ...well, there moments when. I have always been a big Dusty Springfield freak, since her first hit here in the States, "I Only Want To Be With You". That was followed by "Stay Awhile", and then her number one hit "Wishin and Hopin". Well about the time of her second lp, I was heavily involved in a doomed affair. I met this person named Sandy at a party and we went tramping off together to a cheapmotel. We really hit it off. We saw each other for awhile then we became so involved with one another that we decided we should live together. Things were really swell for awhile until I came home one nitht to catch Sandy in bed with one of my best friends! Well I went to pieces! They were playing my records on ze stereo (Frank Sinatra) as they were making love! I ran over to la stereo grabed the records and through them across the room, against the wall knocking the venetian blinds down. I then picked up the kitchen table and sent it sailing across the room smashing the kitchen window. I callapsed on the floor screaming that I was going to kill myself. I then ran to the bathroom and started taking all the pills in the medicine cabinet. Sandy and my best friend both grabed me and started trying to calm me down. I fought them off frantically spitting, and kicking them stumbling back falling into the bathtub hitting my head on the soap dish knocking me out.

And that was just one night! Another time while our neighbors who were very straight were having a backyard barbeque, Sandy and I were having a knock down drag out fight. After chasing me out into the yard trying to stab me with a butcher knife, Sandy then smashed my car windows out with a lawnmower! The neighbors were not amused, let me tell you! Later after several visits from Alice Bluegown (La Cops!) we had to move. I

later learned from all my friends that Sandy was going to bed with all of them!!! Well we broke up and I became very upset. I had to quit my job as I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. I became a simpering, whimpering, crying, mooning, pathetic, disgusting "I don't want to live any longer" heart broken shell of a person.

Well Sandy moved into a new apartment and I cried myself to sleep every night. One night Davina Daisy, a good friend of mine called me up to invite me to her house warming party. Well she informed me that Sandy would be there. At first I turned down the invitation, but then I decided that why not? Wasn't I allowed to have myself a good time? Just because Sandy would be there is no reason why I can't go and have a rave up with all my friends, even if I was quite unsure if most of them were really my friends or not. Well come the night of the party I got dressed in all my radiant glory. White and blue striped bells. (I HATE bell bottoms now!!!) Pink and purple paisley shirt. (Remember them?) My Beatle boots and a whole can of spray net. I did a nice Dusty Springfield make up job. Pale pink lips, and eyes completely lined with Maybelline, and I was all set to go to the party to be miserable. I grabed a few of my Dave Clark Five lps AS I was sure there wouldn't be any there as most of my friends listened only to Aretha, the Supremes and Judy Garland. I decided before I went to the party, that if one person got up and mimed Judy Garland or Barbara Striesand I was going to pour a drink over their nelly heads!!!

When I arrived the party was going in full swing. Martha and The Vandellas "Heatwave", could be heard blasting from the stereo. Screams and druken laughter came splintering through the smoke filled room. I checked with my Cover Girl compact to make sure my make up was holding up ok, then rang the door bell. I was greeted by Davina Daisy who was dressed in a floor length floral chiffon evening gown and a jet black Leslie Gore type french twist. She was drunk and about eight of her false eye lashes were desperately clinging to her heavily rouged cheek. (The Left.) "OHTRA, OHTRA", she screamed. "Darling I'm just plain proud that you could pick your little ole self up enough to drag your poor heart broken self to my humble abode". "Davina is too, too, too, much!!!" I thought to myself. Then she whispered into my right ear, "Sandy is in the bedroom poppin pills with some slut from the Pretty Pearl Gang! (A gang that was noted in Atlantra for their unwillingness of coperaing with Alice Bluegown during drag raids.) Once one member smashed a cop in the head with a cream picture. She is now dead.



Sandy Shaw



Cilla Black

Well the very moment Davina mentioned Sandy, my poor heart sank like a bombed out air craft carrier! But alas, I was determined to have myself a good time regardless of the circumstances. I made my way through the drunken, screaming mob, to the bar which was even more crowded. There was a couple on the floor passed out, so I carefully stepped over them, to mix myself a straight Southern Comfort on the rocks. Well to be truthful I swiped the whole bottle and belted down over half of it right there that very second! I was going to have me a time!!!

Everyone I knew was there! Lady Lil in one of her best Mae West outfits. Chatty Cathy was gabbing away about her latest affair with a shoe salesman from Sears and Robuck. Carbona was crying about losing his job as a waiter at the International Pancake House. Lady Madonna was trying to seduce Queen Elizabeth's new husband and Tarzina Car was standing up on the coffee table miming The Supremes "Got Him Back In My Arms Again". Becky was dancing with a cheap trick she had picked up on God knows what street corner and her best friend Macy was dishing her for being such a lowlife slut.

The drink felt so good. A couple more and I would be as crazy as everyone else. As long as I didn't let Sandy bring me down. As I began to loosen up Becky came over to ask me to dance. I told her that I just was not in the mood for dancing and besides I didn't care for the record being played. She leaned over in my face and belted out, "Well honey, just you tell good ole Becky what you wanna hear and I'll play it for you, and we'll have us a time dancing." She then belched and started slobbering all over me. I pushed her away and told her to go play "Satisfaction" by the Stones. She did, but was right back to claim her dance. I finally gave in thinking what the hell. A good dance or two might do me some good. Becky was so funny dancing. She must have weighed 250 pounds. She had short black hair and wore dirty blue-jeans and a man's white shirt. I started laughing and she took it that I was having such a good time dancing with her. Well she grabbed me by the neck and attempted to lay a big sloppy kiss on me just when Sandy came storming out of the bedroom. I heard Davina say that someone had given Sandy a Blue Scallop and she was afraid that all Hell was going to break loose. Well just as Sandy looked my way I forced a smile and waved my arms wildly around the room occasionally reaching over and touching Becky in an attempt to look as if I was coming on to her. Well Sandy came stomping over, grabbed Becky by the hair and started swinging her around the room!!! Some of Becky's tough friends came running to her aid and all Hell broke loose, just as poor Davina had been afraid of. One of Becky's friends started choking Sandy and the other was grabbing a beer bottle when Davina and Harvina stepped in to break the fight up. Davina started screaming that she was not going to have such a violent display at her house warming. She then told them to behave or leave and that she did not feel like dealing with Alice Bluegown. She informed us all that we were making too much noise and that we all had to settle down a bit. She then went over to the stereo and put oh, you guessed it. Judy Garland. And you can also guess what came next. Yeah she mimed an entire lp side!!! Well needless to say that calmed everyone down. In fact over half the party left!

Well as it turned out one of the neighbors had called Alice Bluegown but no one knew as yet. The party continued with Sandy and I sitting on opposite sides of the room sulking. I told Sandy that I should have known better to have come in the first place and that I was furious and I didn't care if our paths never crossed again!!! Well Sandy went storming out



Marianne Faithfull

of the room in a huff. I said all my good byes and fled at random! Anyway I was getting mighty paranoid about Alice showing up and busting us all.

Well the next day Davina Daisy called me to say that Sandy had gone into the bathroom and slashed both wrists with a razor blade. Blood had spewed every where and she was very upset over the mess her bathroom was in. She had just cleaned it spic and span for the party (It usually looked like a pig's pen.) and bought new scatter mats, white and pink, and now they were red polka dot. She went on and on about how she works all day in a beauty parlor slaving away trying to make a bunch of ugly old bitches feel glamorous, so she can buy herself some of the better things in life and how proud of her newly decorated apartment she was especially her bathroom.

Well when she finally calmed her nerves down a bit she told me that the cops had also came bawling on her door and there she was stuck with a drunk pill crazed, dying, blood soaked psychotic!!! She said the cops had came bawling at the same moment Chatty Cathy discovered Sandy taking a blood bath in her sparkling bathroom. Of course everyone panicked immediately. People had ruined all her windows and destroyed her screens. It seems that alot of people had escaped Alice Bluegown by ripping off poor Davina's screens and jumping out the windows. Also all the potted plants that were sitting on the window ledges had been knocked off on to some of the neighbor's cars and lawn furniture. Poor Davina Daisy would be in court for months! Anyway I found out that the cops had arrested a couple of people on lewd conduct. They booked Davina on running a house of ill morals. They took Sandy to a mental ward at the city hospital.

Well this madness went on for months and months. Wild parties, fights, crying, vicious gossip etc. etc. etc. Finally I got fed up with the whole scene and fled on a Greyhound bus to New York City. But alas, anytime I want to recall any of these precious memories from the past I just put on Dusty Springfield. She was with me every minute. I sat for countless hours on end playing and listening carefully to her every note and sad tale. She recalls for me the good and bad times of my heart breaking love affairs. Some day I'll write a book about each affair and hope to make a mint!!!

One of the things that makes Dusty so interesting is that she was so popular during a time when all the attention was being given to all the Mod long haired Beat groups. There were other "chicks" around but Dusty remained the one that really came through. The Honeycombs, with their big number one hit "Have I The Right", even had a girl drummer. Her name of course was Honey. Don't confuse this English rock group with the

latter black female, soul group by the same name. Also the Applejacks who never had a hit in the States, but scored in England with "Tell Me When", and the Beatles' "Babys In Black", also had a girl drummer. There was Lulu, who later had a huge hit with the title song from the film "To Sir With Love". She recently scored in England with David Bowie's "The Man Who Sold The World", and "Watch That Man". Cilla Black scored bit in 1964 with "You're My World". This is one of the best songs ever recorded by a female artist. Cilla later went on to become a successful night club singer singing such great dittys as "You've Lost That Lovin Feeling", "Ol Man River", "The Shadow Of Your Smile", and "Moon River", and just about anything that Dionne Warwick or Little Anthony made famous. Cilla was a Brian Epstein discovery. Of course he had his hands full managing the Beatles but he also found time to manage the careers of Cilla and Gerry and The Pacemakers. Cilla at one time was described as the "female Beatle". She had the most marvelous hairdo. Bangs or fringe as they say in Jolly of England, right down into the eyes and two little spit curls on each side of her cheeks. She was Mod all the way and made the short, mini dress with mucho lace very popular.

Sandy Shaw was another very popular female singer during this time. Her biggest hits here in the States were, "There's Always Something There To Remind Me", "Girl Don't Come", "I'll Stop At Nothing", and "I'd Be Far Better Off Without You". She had many more hits in England such as "Tell All The Boys", "Puppet On A String", "Message Understood", and "Long Live Love". I remember seeing her for the first time on Shindig, the old American Rock N' Roll spectacle; weekly telly show, of the early and mid sixties. Complete with Go-Go dancers in white boots and tacky male dancers in "imitation Mod" get ups this show was FABULOUS!!! Why they don't rerun it on la telly or make a line of movies from the old clips is beyond me. What pop and rock history!!! Everyone, I mean everyone was on it!!! Anyway Sandy Shaw appeared in a very Mod Short skirt and barefoot.

She sang a few numbers, one being "I'd Be Far Better Off Without You". This song was special because it contained the line, "You go out and you have yourself a good time. And you don't give a DAMN what happens to me". This was unusual for this time because you just did not use the word damn in a pop song especially if you were a girl!!! Anyway they of course bleeped damn out, as well as radio stations refusing to play it at all. Sandy was discovered by early sixties pop star Adam Faith. She had a very unique voice. It can best be described as water flowing in a stream every once in awhile hitting a big rock or two, making a nice refreshing splash! Unlike Cilla's voice that a friend of mine once described as sounding like a fire engine going down on a garbage truck. I thing Sandy Shaw is working in her husband's clothing store now. If you want to catch up on one brilliant pop singer from the Beat Boom Era, then I suggest you pick up "Golden Hour Presents SANDIE SHAW'S Greatest Hits". You get twenty three of Sandy's best songs. Sixty minutes of listening pleasure. You *MUST* pick up on Sandy Shaw. She's worth every fabulous minute!

Now we get to a living legend. Marianne Faithfull. It's hard to think of this period of our pop culture without thinking of darling Marianne! She was so completely different from all the other female singers at the time that she deserves her own entire article. I find it hard to just lump her into a group because she was the most individual Mod and glamorous of them all. She had a distinct well defined image and her songs were unlike anyone elses.

Folky in a way, bit nor corny or Hootenanny, but sort of pure and sad and angelic sounding. She has a frail, quivering voice that sounds as if it's going to give any moment. Each song sounds as if it may be her last as if she herself were going to just break up into tiny pieces any moment. So I won't go on about Marianne, as I want to devote myself to an entire article on her in the future, complete with a personal interview. I want to give her the well deserved praise she deserves and has long been overdue for.

A lot of people who remember Dusty Springfield from the "old days" may not be too familiar with her latter material. In my opinion her best lp ever is the "Dusty In Memphis" lp. This lp is simply brilliant. Every song is a complete knockout! This is her first lp for Atlantic and it's a masterpiece of songs about heart break and the ways of love. (The ways of woe!) Side one starts out with the brilliant "Just A Little Lovin". The Lyrics alone are a standout. One line particularly is an absolute gem. "Just a little lovin early in the morning beats a cup of coffee for starting off the day". OOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!! How true, true, true!!! What an unbelievable feeling to wake up in the morning next to someone you really dig more than anything!!! Even waking up to a cute trick is enough to set your day off to a fantastic start! Although I must admit some mornings when I wake up with a terrible hangover and I gaze with red veined eyes at the soundly sleeping creature lying next to me I say to myself. "Oh my God, I must have been possessed by the Devil himself to have dragged home such a tacky, trashy piece of scum!!!" Dusty really hits the nail on the head with this one. The rest of the lyrics are equally as brilliant. They say that the whole world would be a better place to live in if each and every one had just a little lovin every morning before starting off their day! Now those are true to life lyrics if I have ever heard them!!!

"So Much In Love" is a Gerry Goffin and Carole King tune done as it should by Dusty's unique soul tingling voice. The typical story of a love affair grown cold just when one partner is feeling the most in love! Ohra how I hate that! Just when you know that you love this person more than anything in the world, they decide that they aren't as in love with you as they thought they were at the beginning of the affair!!! Oh the pain! This is followed by her big hit "Son Of A Preacher Man". I know just what she's talking about. I knew many sons of preacher men when I was in High School and let me tell you, they are the hottest once you get them going!! The next song is "I Don't Want To Hear It Anymore". It's about a girl who lives in a neighborhood so poor that you can actually hear your neighbors talking through the paper thin walls!!! And they are talking about her. They're saying that her boyfriend is seeing someone behind her back and that he never really loved her anyway. He just had his fun with her and now he's off looking for new meat to carve. The most fabulous thing about this song is that you can hear the backup singers playing the part of the gossiping neighbors, singing or rather bitchily saying in unison, "He doesn't think about her anymore", in certain parts of the song. The effect is really great. I always rush over to the stereo to turn it up at these points! You can just picture this poor girl sitting in her roach infested tenement teardrops trickling down her pale cheeks, breaking down into a mournful sob as she hears the neighbors talking about her and her cheating boyfriend through the apartments walls!!!!!! She even overhears the wash woman down the hall talking about what a shame it is when a girl like her falls for such an asshole.

Next is "Don't Forget About Me". More faster paced than the preceeding numbers,

with lots of funky guitars and Memphis horns at their best. Next is the brilliant "Breakfast In Bed". This song is Dusty Springfield at her best. The entire lp is Dusty at her best!!! The best line in this song is "Don't be shy, you've been here before. Take your shoes off, lie down, and I will lock the door." The song is about how the girl's old boyfriend that she's still in love with keeps returning to her everytime he and his new love has a fight. She always takes him back with open arms and with her dress all ready to wipe away his tears. Of course he (Or she for that matter!) always ends up spending the night and her serving breakfast in bed. Brilliant!!!

Side two opens with "Just One Smile". Ultra sad. "Can I cry a little bit, theres no one here to notice it cause no one cares." In other words she has had all she loved taken from her, so just one smile would make her life worth living again. This song was written by Randy Newman and it's haunting and beautiful. Next is "The Windmills Of Your Mind". Terrible song but Dusty does manage to give it a bit of class. "In The Land Of Make Believe" is a sort of "Wind in the palm trees with natives and coconuts and an occasional chimpanzee wandering by" type of song. Mucho violins and French horns. Although the girl has lost her love she can have them back in her own "Land Of Make Believe". Next is "No Easy Way Down". Nice gospel beat. Soul piano and blues (Very mellow) guitar. Simple and to the point. There's no easy way down when you've lost the one you love. The last song is "I Can't Make It Alone". The title speaks for itself. "There's something in my soul that always leads me back to you". This is another Gerry Goffin and Carole King song that Dusty does so well. For those of you who stoped listening to Dusty Springfield long ago, but never really stoped digging her, this is the lp for you. This is Dusty at her very best. Listen to this album and you will not be disappointed!!!!

Dusty's last lp released on Dunhill is her most black sounding lp to date. The music is excellent. The lp cover is hideous! The worst piece of shit ever! UGLY! UGLY! UGLY! How could they do such a terrible thing to our Dusty!!!!!! The lp is called "Cameo", and guess who the cameo is. Dusty of course. Ugg. All chissled out in light blue and white. I mean it's not even a photograph of a real cameo, which might have been nice. Instead it's a horrible painting! The back cover is exactly what the front should be. A photograph of a cameo. Quiet pretty, the real cameo should have been Dusty. How cheap not to have done her justice. I won't discuss the lp cover any longer. It's total bring down!

The production is great. You can hear Dusty's every syllable. The musical arrangements are almost perfect. The overall effect is Dusty Springfield, at her best. Let's see, ohyestra, the producers are Steve Barri, Dennis Lambert and Brian (One of my fave names.) Potter. Well congrates to you boys. You did a fine job. Now to get in to ze lp.

Side one opens with "Who Gets Your Love". Nice almost harpsichord sounding piano. Very mellow. Great lyrics as usual. "Who gets your love when I'm gone. Will she let you stay in bed." Next is the best track on the whole lp. "Breakin' Up A Happy Home". Fabulous! They act like sugar and spice in front of all of their friends but when they get home they fight like cats and dogs. Gloria Gaynor who had a hit with "Honey Bee", did a swell version of this. This is definately one of Dusty's best! Next is "Easy Evil". Nice bluesy feel. "I Put A Spell On You" type of feel. Great organ. Best line is, "Such a sensuous sin." Next is "Mama's Little Girl". This is such a delight to listen to. It has everything a song should have. Catchy tune, funky beat and easy to remember lyrics. Simply a statement from a young girl tired of

being tied down by her mother. It took her awhile to finally grow up but now she's free and she's gonna make up for it! Oh my gosh, I wonder if the mother died! Let me take a look at those lyrics again. No, her mother did not die, just the old her. A new girl had taken over and she's gonna make sure her boyfriend is the first to know it! This would make a great movie. Next we have "The Other Side Of Life". Some beautiful lyrics here. "You'll think the world has changed, but it's just you". This song is very dreamy. Like floating on a cloud. This is followed by another standout track. "Comin and Goin". Best line. "I'm comin and goin crazy over you."

Side two opens with an up tempo number called "I Just Wanna Be There". You know, the usual I just wanna be there with you, no matter where you are. Next is "Who Could Be Loving You Other Than Me". This has an almost Spinners type of feel. I could very easily see the Spinners doing this. The steady drum beat keeps a nice disco dance feel to this song. Next is an interesting and entertaining version of Van Morrison's "Tupelo Honey". Dusty's vocal is stunning here. As smooth and sweet as tupelo honey. Fits perfectly with the song. Next is "Of All The Things". Another stunning vocal. Confessed love. She's in love so much, spends so much time thinking about it, that she sometimes forgets to say it. Sweet.

Side two closes with "Learn To Say Goodbye" from the ABC Movie Of The Week "Say Goodbye Maggie Cole". "How can I say goodbye, to the only life I ever knew?" For us who have had to learn to say goodbye this song really hits a painful spot in our poor scarred, love torn hearts. After you've said goodbye for so many times that you completely lose count, it just becomes an expected routine. I could sit down and write all my goodbye lettras years in advance and save myself alot of trouble. That way I could just fill in their names in the blanks and mail it to them. Or maybe just save myself even more trouble by giving it to them on the first date informing them that they should stick it in their drawer until otherwise informed. Or maybe just say goodbye after one night of blissfulness. You say hellow and I say goodbye, or vice versa. And I know why!

Dusty Springfield sings about people, and the things that either keep us together or tear us apart. Our love life. Lots of artist sing about heart break and love, but the important thing is that Dusty does it in her own unique style. She never copies anyone. Dusty is Dusty. She knows what she does the best and she sticks to it. Always about the ups and downs of love. The ways of love. The ways of woe. The personal side of a person's life. As the late Marilyn Monroe once sang, "When Love Goes Wrong NOTHING Goes Right". Ain't that the truth!!! And listening to Dusty is like listening to someone confirm it!

The next time you have a painful heart breaking experience, or you are so much in love with one one person that you are absolutely going ot of your mind, throw a few Dusty Springfield albums on your stereo. Mix yourself a good stiff drink, set back and let the teardrops fall. ☐



KEITH RICHARD- THE ROLLING STONE... Talks About Stones Tour Plans, Up Coming Recordings, His Teeth, And Other Things...

By Lisa Robinson

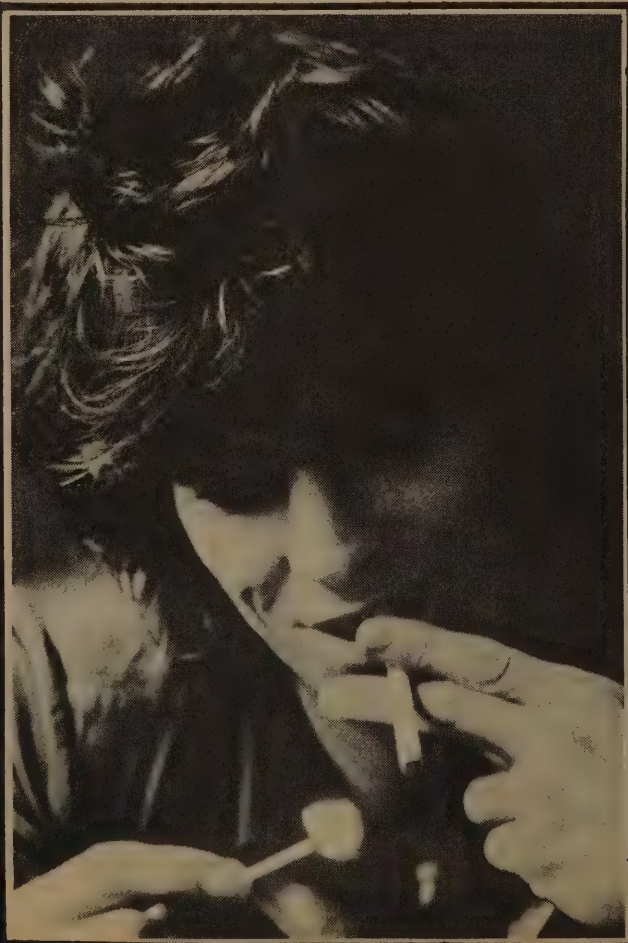
Keith Richard. The very mention of this particular Stone's name brings forth all that *image* stuff ... From early punkhood to the more recent menacingly strungout look, Keith Richard has evoked more of that delicious sense of danger than any rock and roll musician probably has a right to; nonetheless he's stuck with it - and whereas he doesn't seem to mind at all, it may not necessarily be the Real Truth Behind the Man. People who know him say that he's incredibly bright, articulate, witty. You may not believe it, because you've been brought up on The Image. But having talked to him recently, while he was in Switzerland, I was astounded to note that he is actually, incredibly bright, articulate, witty.

This is not to take anything at all away from the fact that there are those of us who feel he *is* the Rolling Stones. Never mind Jagger's aristocratic petulance. Sure his voice is great, and at one time he moved sexier than did any white man onstage, but it's the seventies now - and if there is one person who seems to be the core of the rock and roll of the Rolling Stones, it's Keith Richard.

And in case you were wondering how he spells his last name - (on the back of the most recent lp it's with an "s" at the end, whereas usually it's been spelled without - as we're doing here...) he laughed and said, "Well, my last name is Richards - with the s, but Andrew Loog Oldham thought it a good idea back then

to drop it. It confuses me ... but I don't really mind. I hadn't noticed it on the back of this lp cover, I guess Mick did that. Maybe I should go back to that ... Anyway, it was just a whim of Andrew's, I think he thought it sounded more in keeping with the times. But that was ten years ago..."

As far as Stones' future plans are concerned, it's a bit mind boggling. After having been in several days of meetings with all the business people and the rest of the band, Keith said, "Well - what we're thinking of is something like this: We'll go and do some sessions in December to start recording a new album which we hope to have out by May. Because, hopefully in June we'll be starting a tour which





will last a year all together. It would start in America and go through there until about August, with maybe South America and Canada thrown in somewhere during. After which there will be a break when we hope to be able to get a live album out - of the American tour. Following that - starting around November, or October or something, will be the second half of the tour, which will probably be Australia, Asia, and ending up in Africa. There we hope to be able to make some kind of a movie, a different kind of a movie, not just a documentary. But I can't really say any more than that at the moment, because it isn't any more than that. It's just an idea we've got about making a different kind of a movie. But that's all in the air, that one. Anyway - that will take us until about Christmas, when we'll have another break, and we'll have to start recording another album because by then it will have already been a year since we will have done the one we're planning to do now, if you follow me."

Yes, I do, but I'm exhausted. "Yes," he laughs, "and then it goes on for the third part of the tour which would be Europe, hopefully the Iron Curtain, England, etc. ... which would take us a year from the start of the tour. That would then be one June later, and it would end in June, 1976. That's basically what we talked about."

(When asked about these plans, Peter Rudge, tour manager for The Stones, was slightly more hesitant. "Let's just say that there is a desire on the part of the Stones to tour, and in a lot of countries. Of course you get a lot of ideas when you're up there in the Alps," he smiled, talking in his posh New York offices, "right now everything is in the talking stage. Of course if you do want to get around to all those places you have to drag it out over a period of a year or two.")

As far as the work is concerned, Keith remarked that for the past year all they'd really done was concentrate on making a good

album, and now that that's been done (everyone obviously agrees that it's one of the best Stones' lps ever) they want to get back out on the road. "Actually," Keith remarked, "we didn't take any more time doing this record than any other, it's just that there were a lot of gaps between, is all. In the old days we used to put albums out within six months of each other - but that's when albums used to take two weeks to a month to make. I hope that the next one we do will be as good if not better than this, Mick and I are writing songs for it now. It should be mixed and done and ready to come out at the start of the roadwork."

Discussing the problems that they had with the mastering of "It's Only Rock & Roll" (Mick was in the States seemingly for *months* doing the thing, whereas Keith was responsible for the English and European master) Keith said, "If you look at the record you'll notice that there's very little space between the end of the record and the label; and the grooves between the songs ... it's very long, actually. It's just one of those technical things where if one side is around twenty four minutes long you have to be sure that you master it properly or the needle will go jumping across the record."

There was some discussion about outtakes, apparently four or five tracks didn't get included on this album, and may show up in the future. "Usually the problem is that by the time you do the next album, you don't want to have old tracks on it," Keith said, "but we might have one or two things leftover that we really like. We did do "Drift Away" - that's still around, but it really will depend on what we have left when it comes time to put the next album together, y'know? I mean it's there in the can, and if we looked around and saw that we needed an oldie, or another track - then we might use it."

"There is an album coming out sometime under our control," he added, referring to the one that was supposedly in litigation with former manager Allen Klein, "known as the

"Black Box Album in Litigation" - that's how we refer to it. That's coming out with some good old stuff on it."

As far as ever recording any old Stones material in a new and/or different way, Keith said that they'd rather just do it live, onstage. And that he'd love for Mick Taylor to do some writing because it would remove some of the burden from his and Jagger's shoulders: "The more writers in a band, the better." But would they be *Stones* songs? "Well, that's the thing ... because Mick and I really know how to write material for the Stones, and I don't know if anybody else does. It takes a while to get the hang of it." Followed by the inevitable solo album question. Followed by the inevitable answer: "I'm not thinking about it at all. The only way I could see it is that I have a few tracks in the can from a session here and a session there, and if I had enough tracks that I liked, then I would do it. That's the only way I would like to do it." Keith did admit to enjoying performing with Ron Wood onstage in that London concert recently, ("I'd been away from performing so long, it was a shot in the arm") and that he likes to play with other musicians. "It's nice playing with other musicians, like that thing with Ron, and I play with musicians in Jamaica sometimes..." but basically he seems quite content with working out his music in the context of the Stones. "I like to draw and paint," he mumbled ... "but it's nothing serious really." Are you lazy? "Um, basically, yes."

Turning a bit more to the personal side, I asked him if he and Anita lived a quieter life, or just did ... *funkier* things than did Mick and Bianca, for example. Certainly they're not as publicly visible. "Well ... yeah ... when I go out I really sort of go to pubs, or to see raeggae groups in London or wherever, places where there aren't a lot of photographers about." I see. Does he get mobbed when he goes out? "No ... no, I never get mobbed. But I don't go to places where people would necessarily



bother me. I've been to the Rainbow, for instance..."

Keith lives part of the year in Switzerland, he's allowed three months in England, (taxes) says that two is actually enough for him (he spends those in London), and has just bought a house in Jamaica. "I like Jamaica," he said, "I like the music - there's music everywhere in Jamaica. And I like the people, and it's sunny there."

What music do you listen to? "Oh, a lot of black music, raeggae music, rock and roll. Country music." What did you think of Bill Wyman's solo album? "Well," he said diplomatically, "I thought it was a good try. If I was Bill I would have put a few oldies on it, y'know?, rather than a whole album of new material. Just so that there would have been some things on it that people were more familiar with." Favorite Stones' albums? "Oh ... I thing 'Beggars Banquet', 'Sticky Fingers' and 'Let It Bleed'." I did *not* ask favorite colours and/or foods, but I did inquire discreetly about his health. "Oh, I'm very healthy." Really? "Sure ... you can't do all the things I do and not be healthy," he replied, whereupon I mumbled that it was fabulous to be able to actually be healthy and still have *that* image. "That's the trick," he said seriously ... well, maybe not so seriously. Then talked a bit about his forthcoming skiing plans. Somehow, I murmured, the image of Keith Richard on skis is something ... well, I would quite like to have a photograph of it. "Oh, wait til you see me, I'm dynamite," he said. "I haven't been able to do any yet here, I'm waiting for a giant snowfall."

Getting back to the Stones, I wondered if Keith was constantly asked, (even in his infrequent interviews) about past history ... Brian Jones, obscure data, and the like. "Oh yes, you do get asked all those questions, especially in Europe. The pop magazines particularly. They ask you stuff about eight years

ago, and you know - we don't remember that.

And people have so many wrong ideas of *what happened then*. I don't think there's ever really been a good book written about the Stones ... I haven't read Scaduto's book, but it sounds rather like some mammoth Marianne Faithfull reminiscence. And you know what women's memories are like, especially about things like that," he laughs. "I've read a bit of Robert Greenfield's book - 'STP' - but no one's ever really done it accurately. Perhaps one day we could collaborate with a writer that we all liked, something like that. We haven't actually ever done that." As far as any of the Stones' movies - "Gimme Shelter" was a good film," Keith said, "it showed something the way it was ... and Robert Frank's movie is good." Ah, yes. Which brings me to the subject of Robert Frank's movie about being-on-tour-with-the-Stones; titled "Cocksucker Blues" and some say so outrageous that it will never be able to be released. "Well," Keith chuckles, "we may do a pornographic album to go along with it ... sort of like a soundtrack. Everyone would have to contribute a pornographic song. We've got one from Dr. John called 'How Much Pussy Can You Eat'. If more people come up with them, then we could put it out. I'm still working on my contribution."

Revealing the mystery surrounding the "Glimmer Twins" production credit on "It's Only Rock & Roll", Keith said, "well - me and Mick are the Glimmer Twins, and that came about several years ago when we were on a cruise ship ... some wierd journey ... and there were all these very strange English tourists on board who kept asking us to give them a glimmer about what it was like to be young, and superstars and all this rubbish. Somebody actually came up and said 'give us a glimmer' ... so we called ourselves the Glimmer Twins, and saved it, until now." For those readers who might be guitar freaks, Keith uses Gibsons, Les Paul Juniors, and Fender Telecasters ... and

Stratocasters. But of course, those are only the ones that can be bought in shops. "I also have a guy, who's becoming quite famous in his own right," Keith said, "Ted Jones - actually his real name is Newman Jones III - he's from Arkansas. And he's been making guitars for me with special kinds of tuning. I've had a five string guitar made which is for a certain kind of playing ... they're the kinds of things you can't get anywhere except from him because he makes them all by hand, and it takes quite awhile. Otherwise I use pretty much what everyone else does - Gibsons and Fenders, because they're the best ones you can get. I used the first Dan Armstrong see-through Ampeg that he made, it was the prototype.

Dan Armstrong made it by hand and it was very good. But it got stolen, and when I got some more from the factory they just weren't of the same standard. That happened to be the one he made first, and it was very good."

Keith added that on certain songs on "It's Only Rock & Roll" - for example "Time Waits For No One" - he and Mick T. used a guitar synthesizer, also known as a "hi-fly". "It's a white flat box that looks like a bathroom scale when you put it on the floor, and you can get a lot of different sounds out of it."

As we were about to say our goodbyes, I realized I had almost forgotten to ask him about The Teeth. "Oh yes," he smiled, "The Teeth. Well, the situation with The Teeth is that they're in the process of undergoing a major overhaul at the moment. While I'm going to Switzerland I'm going to a dentist and I'm, err ... changing my image. More of a sort of *clean* look." Are you having them *designed* in any special way like Bowie did with his ... you know, *fangs*, or anything. "Nah," replied Keith, "right now I'd just be happy to have teeth, you know - a new, shiny tooth, I don't care what shape they're in." So, you'll be smiling a lot? "Yeah, right." Somehow, I'm not so sure I can believe that. □





THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW



By Lisa Robinson

RAYMOND DOUGLAS DAVIES

We spoke just outside of London — in Hornsea — at the Kinks' studio/offices. The purple door opens and you walk inside to a cozy little English house ... the fireplace and the hot pot of tea tell you that you couldn't really be in any other country. And when Ray Davies walks in, smiling, wearing a tattersall shirt, pullover jumper and velvet jacket — well, you know you really are in England. He, perhaps more than any other British rockstar, symbolizes the country's sensibilities, its traditions, its sense of humour and charm. Ray's said that he's been accused of wanting to be Walt Disney; well, maybe he is but there's a bit of Fellini and Michelangelo in there as well. Before I get too melodramatic about the man, we'll switch to the actual conversation.

HP: Tell me what you've been doing since we last spoke ..

Ray: You mean when we got together

with Lou Reed?

HP: God no ... You know, you never saw that videotape. You looked fabulous in it ... just sitting there tearing paper and lighting matches and smiling. No, actually — since the last time you were in New York at the Felt Forum .. I think it was Passover.

Ray: Well, it's been all work since then. Starting Konk studios and the record label and I produced Claire Hammill and then did a tv show called "Starmaker" .. and then of course putting "Preservation" together.

HP: What are your plans for that?

Ray: Well, I'm going to do it in America, and I'm so excited about it I cannot tell you.

HP: Didn't you do it in the West End?

Ray: I've done lots of things in the West End..

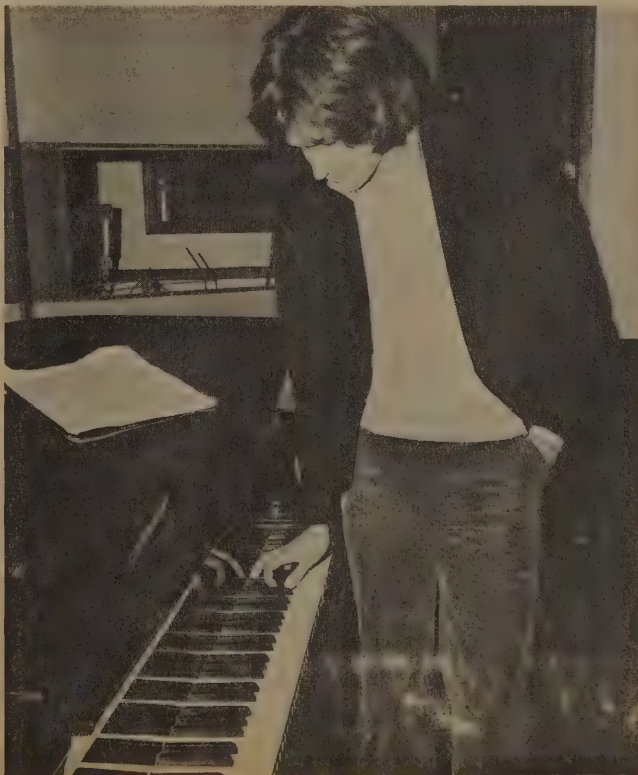
HP: I mean didn't you do that show there?

Ray: Well, we did a thing in Drury Lane,

but that wasn't anything as big as this. I did "Starmaker" for TV — they'd been after me for a year to do it, and then it took me a week. It basically was about a man like myself who writes songs about ordinary people and turns them into stars. Everybody has star qualities, it's an extension of "Everybody's In Show Biz" and I go into this house and am taken over by this man and in the end I become him, because I am totally absorbed and involved with his life. That was the intention, it was hard to do in a half hour on television, especially with music.

HP: Did you like being in front of the cameras?

Ray: Yeah — it was great, but I think I'd like to do it again for America and do it properly. A few more minutes would make all the difference. Like for "Preservation" — I did an outline that was about ten to twelve pages, and then we're only ending up using 5 pages because I think my songs have got a good story in them





anyway.

HP: When you performed the songs in "Starmaker" was it in context with the story?

Ray: It was supposed to flow with the script and be part of it. We tried to carry on the action — like I arrived home after a day's work at the office and we sat down for Shepherd's Pie and we just went into a dance routine and did a thing. It's a shame because people, if they had been prepared to laugh at it, it was hilarious.

HP: Well, what was the reaction to it.

Ray: Well we played it for Norman Cohen ..

HP: Norman Cohen?

Ray: Oh, I mean Leonard Cohen ...

HP: Oh — that's fabulous, I'm going to call him Norman Cohen forever ..

Ray: Yes, well apparently he doesn't laugh.

HP: Ever.

Ray: And he was hysterical laughing at the thing. I was playing a big man, I had a suit and tie on and oh yes — this jockstrap.

HP: Wait a minute ... what jockstrap?

Ray: They made me wear a jockstrap, the wardrobe ladies, because while I'm singing a song, I change from being a star in a glitter suit, into being an ordinary man. So I had to wear pajamas and we had a runthrough and the wardrobe lady came up with an assortment of jockstraps. There was a black one ... I didn't like that much, I think it was Len Faircliffe's ...

HP: Who's that?

Ray: Well we have this soap opera on TV

here called "Coronation Street" which goes out twice a week and there's a character on it called Len Faircliffe and he's been in it for fifty years. Anyway, they made me wear a jockstrap under these hideous pajamas ..

HP: Why? Could you see through them, or what?

Ray: Well there was a shot of my legs, there were two girls changing me and I had to lie back and sing "The Things I've Done For Music, The Things I've Done For Art"

HP: I'll say ...

Ray: And there was this shot of my legs and they just wanted to be sure that I didn't flash anything. Not that there's anything to see.

HP: Which one did you choose?

Ray: I wore an ordinary athletic one. June Ritchie who was in it with me, she played Norman's wife — she wanted me to wear a sequin studded one.

HP: I'm glad you didn't.

Ray: I'm glad I didn't because it wasn't right. I think that it's nice, that a man who would wear a silver suit on would take off his suit and have on a terrible pair of underpants.

HP: But you want to do this again and extend it for America?

Ray: Oh yes, I always want to extend it .. (Laughter)

HP: What was the critical reaction?

Ray: I was amazed. I thought that it was just a little job that I did and it got quite a lot of coverage. Better than what I thought. 3/4 of a page in The Guardian which is quite a good paper. Big spread in the TV paper here — it really created

quite a bit of excitement. I think that more people liked it than didn't. At least they liked my suit.

HP: Which suit was this?

Ray: I had this trick suit, that I zipped into. I had a quick change and so it zipped up the back. A proper suit with a zip up back. I just jumped into it, and presto, like magic. It had a shirt and tie and everything. Some boy on Carnaby Street did it up for me.

HP: Tell me about the plans for "Preservation"

Ray: Well — we're taking it on tour, we've got about 15 or 16 people. The Kinks plus four extra players, then four lady singers and two extra male singers. I think there isn't as much story there as I would like, we cut it considerably — although it flows quite well and seems to work alright. We'll do a Kinks set first, with the Kinks playing all the old stuff — you know, and then have an interval. Then we'll do the show. "Preservation" is about an hour and a quarter.

HP: Will you have sets?

Ray: Not a real set, we're having back projections and props. No set as such. The thing was never written to have a set, all I wanted in the original was a tree and a bench.

HP: Are you having that?

Ray: No ...

HP: Why not?

Ray: Trees don't grow in Brooklyn

HP: Ray that's terrible. Besides you can rent anything in New York and you know it. I heard you were having dancers and jugglers ...

Ray: We were thinking of having some

dancers but we ruled that out. We are having movement of some kind, but we're getting a choreographer to put the singers into some kind of routine. I'm really quite thrilled about it, I can't sleep at night. We'll do a few out of town things first and then do the Felt Forum in New York ..

HP: Tryout gigs? Like the way the theater goes to New Haven and Philadelphia?

Ray: Not really, just more to get us into shape. But it should be pretty well rehearsed by the time we get to the States at all.

HP: Is Delsener doing it?

Ray: Doesn't he always?

HP: He's fabulous ...

Ray: I like Ronnie, he's a nice bloke. After the last Felt Forum concert we went out to dinner together and there was nowhere opened so we went to this hamburger joint.

HP: Are you sure it was because there was nowhere opened?

Ray: Well, that's what he said. So this time — I don't know if you're printing this or not, but tell Ron Delsener that I'll take him out somewhere nice.

HP: What are your future recording plans?

Ray: Well, things are going really well ... in fact the next thing we are doing is just an album with the five of us. Only use horns when necessary. Because for the last year or so, I've been writing with the horns in mind like writing a song and then thinking — oh yeah, if I put a chord in here it will be nice for the horns ... so this time I'm not going to consider them so much. I'll probably use them, but only with the five pieces in mind, for a rhythm band and let the music come.

HP: How do you think the songs will differ?

Ray: Well there are a couple of songs on "Starmaker" that I've added and will be out I think in February, and they're basically The Kinks, and I think they're quite commercial. But tasteful — and nice guitar parts, sweet piano parts, a good group sound, which is what I want.

HP: Is the album finished?

Ray: Yes, we did it about two months ago.

HP: How is Konk Records working out?

Ray: Konk is developing quite nicely. We've done Claire's album, and we've done another album by a guy named Randy Desmond and I think that's good. We've pushed back our singles until after Christmas and are negotiating for distribution in the UK.

HP: How involved are you with the business aspect of this?

Ray: A little bit more involved with the business, I'd rather not be. I have to be I suppose, it's my company.

HP: Do you go and look at groups?

Ray: Well, I'm passing the buck a bit more now, which is good. I'm just trusting people a bit more. Because after all the management problems that I had, I couldn't trust anybody. It's the same with all artists — they just get put off by those kinds of things. And it was a long time — it was like a marriage. And that first tour when we all got together — you know, when you had that party for us — that

was the best tour we ever did and we did it ourselves. The American tours just keep getting better. I'm really confident about "preservation", but we won't make any money from it.

HP: Are you going to lose money because you're taking so many people along?

Ray: The only people who are going to make money are the people making wages. The roadies are going to get more money than I will. But I want to do it. It's what I've said all long. It's good to have a big success and try and get things like this going and know that you aren't going to make money, but you wouldn't be able to do it otherwise. And I've got to do it, I'm determined to do it.

HP: How's Dave?

Ray: Dave's doing a solo album. He's done four tracks already, which I've asked him to do again. They were demos. I'm not going to produce it though, I want to get him a really good producer. I think Dave should do something himself and not have me around.

HP: Have you seen any other bands that you've liked, or wanted to sign?

Ray: Well — since Konk has been going, in the last four or five months, I've been to see a few bands. But the best thing — unless something really good comes along, is to think of things and then go form them myself. Say I'll feel that I want to record a certain kind of album, I'll get it together and go out and form the band perhaps. We are only going to have 3 or 4 acts, it's not going to be a big thing. It will build gradually.

HP: Do you see it as a vehicle for your own records?

Ray: I don't know ... it would be a bad thing. So for the time being I'll just concentrate on producing. I don't want a conflict in the company — not just yet. I want to break a few acts first.

HP: How is this studio compared to others that you've used, like Morgan?

Ray: This is brighter than Morgan, it's very dead there. This is a good sound. You get more highs because there is a reflecting ceiling and it's a good size. It's very bright, very good for live recording. But we are improving it all the time. We're building another one in the back which will have a dead and fuzzy sound. But the standard — well, as I said, I think the Kinks records have improved technically since we've been here. We have more time. We aren't the sort of band that wastes time when we come in and we don't come in when we wake up. We come in at 10:30 and we have a break at 1 and then we start again at 2.

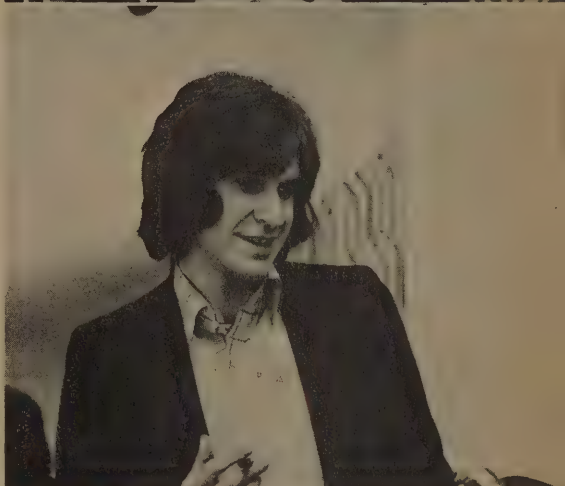
HP: During the night or during the day?

Ray: Day. I've given up during the night — for recording, anyway. I like mixing at night.

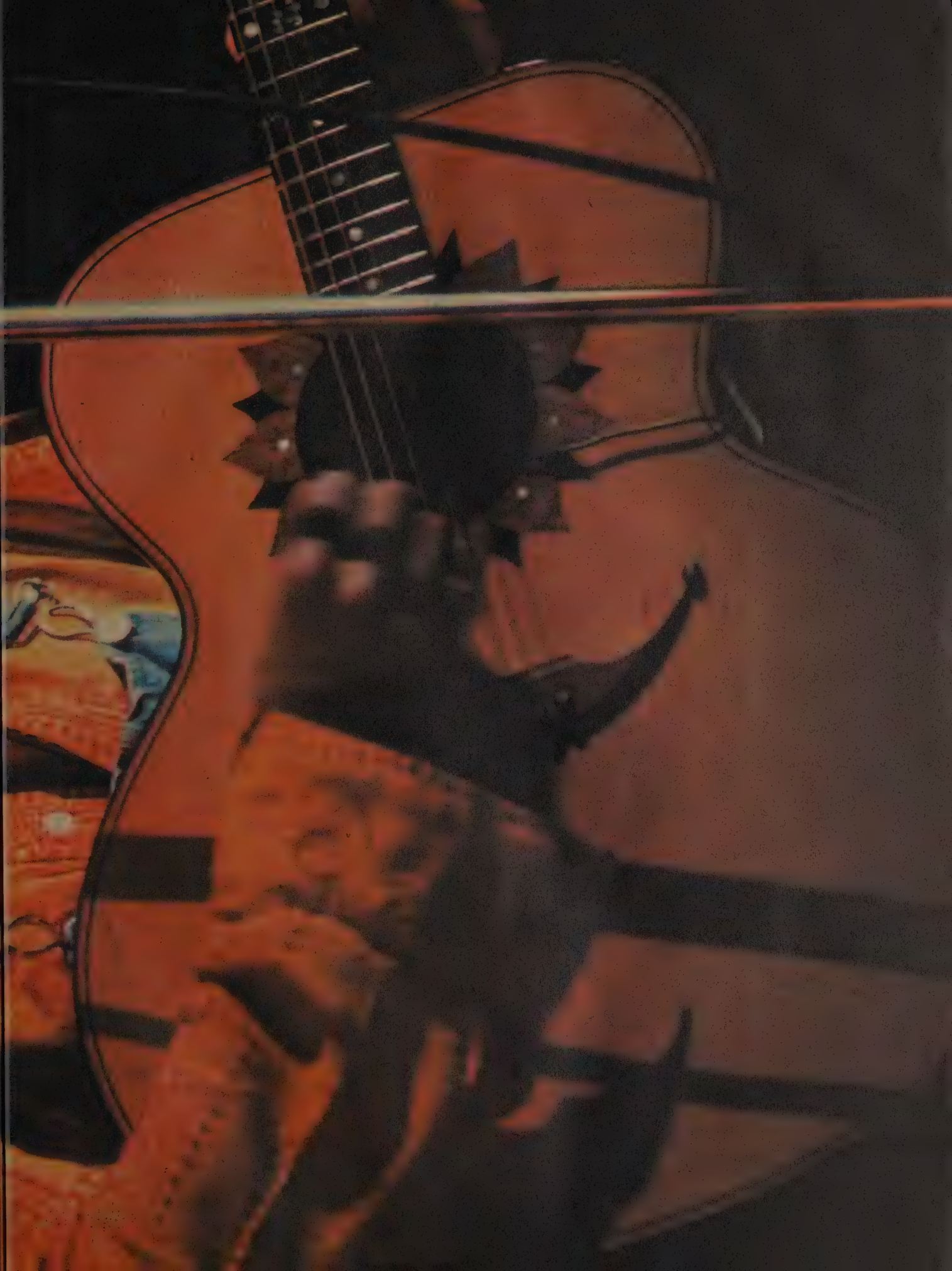
HP: Is "Starmaker" a single or double album?

Ray: It's a single — from the TV thing, plus a few special things that I did just for the album. It's simple music, lyric-wise, uncomplicated, and I think there are three or four things on it that are really nice by any standards. The playing is real

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GEORGE HARRISON- Out There On His Own

By Daniel Goldberg

We must remember right off that it was George Harrison, the toothy, silent Beatle who was the first to make a solo album, way back in 1967 with the supple and innovative instrumental album, "Wonderwall Music." It was before Plastic Ono, before "McCartney" before "Sentimental Journey," George was out there on his own.

Now once again, George is first — the first ex-Beatle to make an extensive tour — and what a tour it is, covering more than 35 concerts all over America. Bill Graham is supervising the tour — and his involvement with a Beatle completes the realization of all his rock dreams. Quietly, but imposingly, George Harrison is re-entering the spotlight — and appealingly, he is not doing it halfway but all the way — just as he did when his first post-Beatles solo album "All Things Must Pass" made him temporarily the ex-Beatle most likely to succeed.

Of course, it has developed that all four of the ex-Beatles have succeeded, confounding those who thought they lacked the talent individually to remain in the forefront of the world public's musical taste.

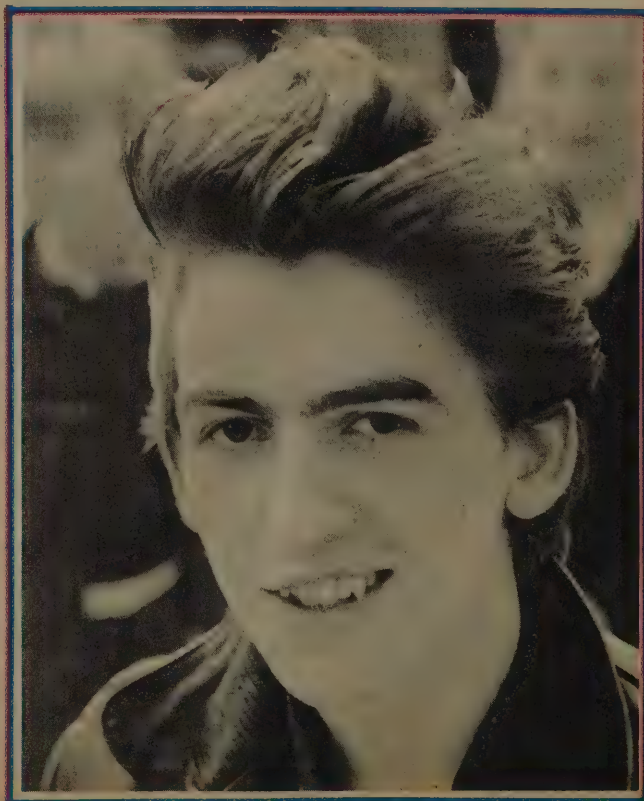
George gave a press conference in Los

Angeles shortly before the tour began — one of the rare times he has talked to reporters in recent years. Unlike Bob Dylan, Harrison's silence with the press has not created a mystique of secrecy but rather an understanding that he frequently doesn't have all that much to say in words. His interview on the Dick Cavett Show several years ago for instance, proved surprisingly unflashy. Harrison's forthrightness in Los Angeles was a happy surprise for his fans because he told exactly where he stands and made some of the hardest core rock *news* with his quotes in quite some time. Will the Beatles get back together again? "No unless we're all broke and need the money..." words which may come back to haunt him if they ever *do* decide to give it a fling for old times sake. The reason he said was simply that there are other musicians he'd rather play with. "I'd be happy to be in a rock and roll band with John Lennon any time" said Harrison, "but I wouldn't want to be in a rock band with Paul McCartney." (He added about Ringo: "He's got one of the best backbeats in rock.") And in response to the inevitable but awkward question about Harrison's wife Patti living with Eric Clapton Harrison said, "Eric and I

have been close friends for many years. I'd rather have her be with him than some dope." In the space of a few minutes, Harrison answered directly all of the questions that had arisen in the minds of the public about non-musical matters and prepared to immerse himself in the music itself.

George's first Beatle song most of us heard was the vibrant "Don't Bother Me," a driving sophisticated love/torch song, among the hardest rock on the "Meet The Beatles" album best known for "I Wanna Hold Your Hand." His songwriting efforts for the next couple of albums were kept to himself as Lennon-McCartney dominated both the writing and the lead singing, but on "Beatles VI" George's "You Like Me Too Much," brought him back to our consciousness.

We must remember one thing, though, when thinking about the Beatles early years and George's apparent lack of input (More Carl Perkins and Chuck Berry songs were recorded by the Beatles in their first six albums than George's). George was the Beatles *lead guitarist* ... and with Lennon he was part of the hard rock force which was counterbalanced by McCartney's smoothness. As lead guitarist, Harrison played a vital if



Jürgen Vollmer



Preston/Kent

unheralded part in the Beatles' success while remaining the idol of the small but significant section of Beatlemania who liked "the quiet type."

"Rubber Soul," the album which began the intellectual phase of the Beatles' career — and one feels — the psychedelic period, featured another powerful Harrison rocker "Think For Yourself" with the unforgettable chorus "Do what you want to do — go where you're going to — think for yourself 'cause I won't be there with you." The "Rubber Soul" album featured an even more important aspect of George on a song he didn't write: "Norwegian Wood." George played the sitar on it.

George was not the only rock musician to learn the sitar, nor was he the only one to go to India or the only one to become passionate about the Hindu religion — but he was the one who chose to be identified with these things because he brought his interest into his recorded work.

George, the quiet Beatle, became George the cosmic Beatle, in lyrics, music (Indian music, especially in the sixties, was deemed cosmic) and apparent lifestyle. Of course, his high visibility made him appear to be some kind of would-be Swami, when in fact he was an interested

student. He told an English radio interviewer that press images of him were inaccurate saying, "My image has come across like I'm some weird old mystical ex-Beatle, the gentle giant of pop. That's all lies." Yet how many of us have been stopped in airports by Hare Krishna people with the opening line, "George Harrison asked me to distribute this literature," followed up by a sales pitch for one of their soft or hard cover books.

Harrison clearly continues to be fascinated by both Indian music — as evidenced by his continued efforts to expose Ravi Shankar's music to the west — and Indian religion — as evidenced by his lyrics and his efforts on behalf of the International Society For Krishna Consciousness — popularly known as the Hare Krishnas. He did produce the Radha Krishna Temple album of Hindu chants which was made by the Hare Krishnas and the artwork on the "Living In The Material World" album was very reminiscent of the Hare Krishna artwork. Naturally, Harrison is perceived to be a spokesman for something Indian — and his relative silence underlines this impression.

On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that Harrison is also a dedicated rock and roller, who plays with

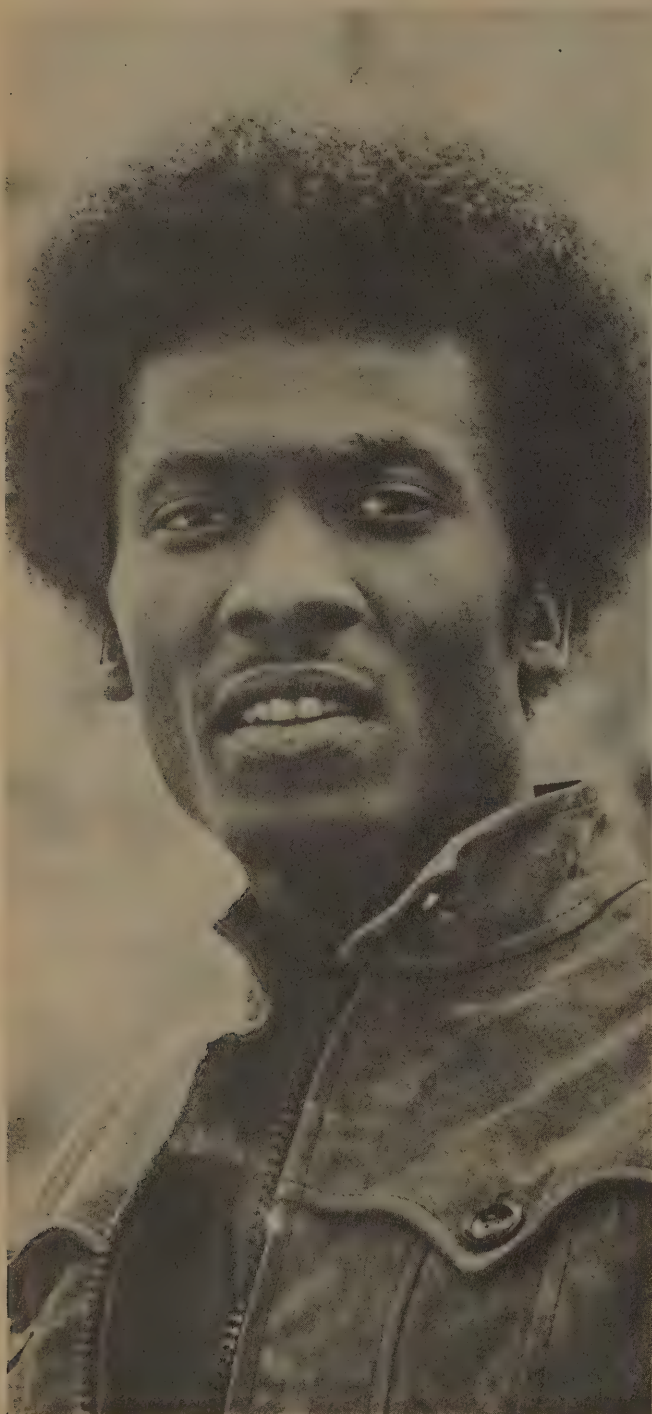
the finest class of rock musicians. Billy Preston, who just had a number one single with "Nothing From Nothing," is leading Harrison's band on the new tour, and Tom Scott who has his own band, the L.A. Express (they formally backed Joni Mitchell) is also temporarily putting his own career aside for Harrison's tour. Other musicians backing him up are horn players Chuck Findley and Jim Horn, Andy Newmark on drums, Willie Weeks on bass, and Robben Ford of the L.A. Express on guitar and sax. In the past Harrison has played with such rock fixtures as Leon Russell, Bob Dylan and Eric Clapton — he is clearly in touch with today's rock mainstream — a fact which he seems to want known. The man who wrote "Within You And Without You" for the Beatles also wrote the acid "Taxman" which ironically is still as current in its references to Mr. Wilson and Mr. Heath as it was in 1966 when it was released.

Of course it seems rather silly that an ex-Beatle would be concerned about his "image" — distortion after all is simply part of the fame game that has been Harrison's lifestyle for more than a decade. It's not fair that the public expects him to be either all saint or all sinner

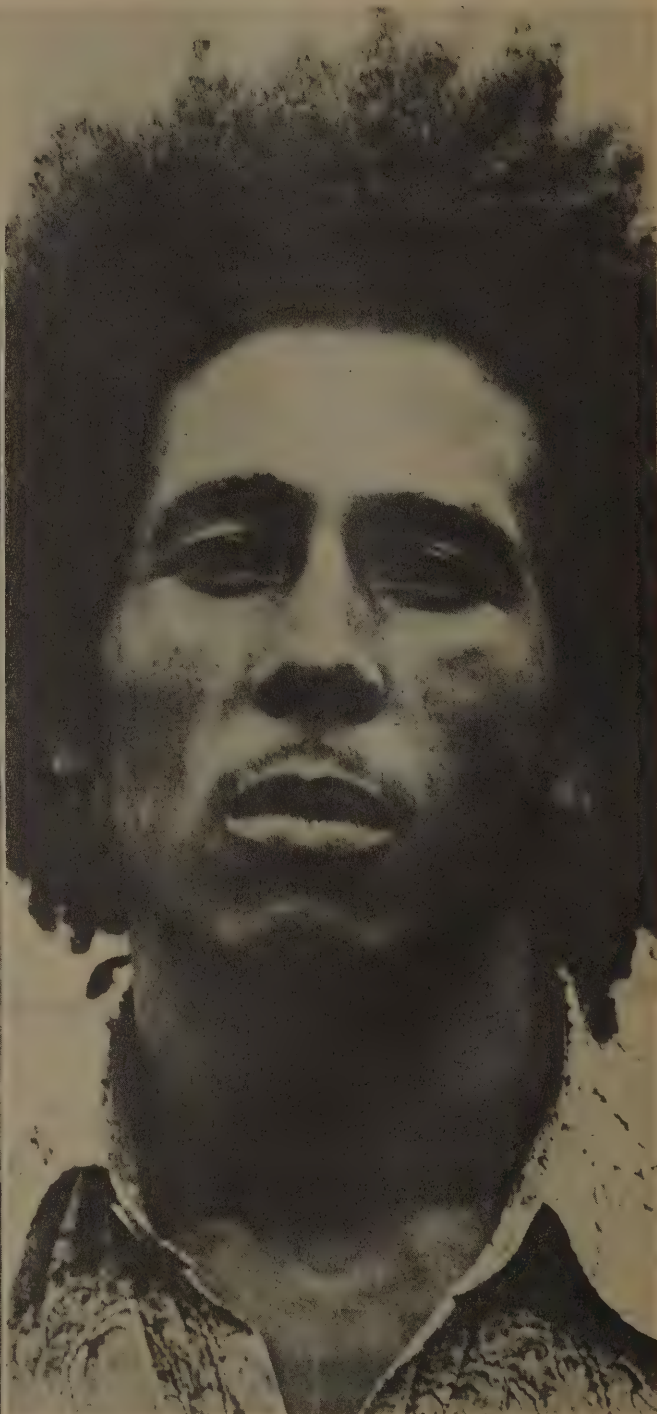
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By The Rivers Of Babylon: RAEGGAE IN AMERICA

By Lenny Kaye



Jimmy Cliff



Bob Marley

Eric Clapton taking aim on the Sheriff. Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones, awash in de luxuries. J. Geils givin' it to me. Cat Stevens frolicking through another Saturday night. Taj Mahal. Paul Simon. Johnny Nash.

The McCartneys.

Sometimes it begins to appear as if the only people not able to score from the first hot flashes of raeggae fever are the originators themselves. In a turnabout reminiscent of the 1950's

— when the McGuire Sisters and Pat Boone lavishly borrowed from the segregated rhythm and blues charts — and the 1960's — when the blues were “rediscovered” en masse by English and American rock

musicians — the sounds of the Caribbean have lately become a source of unceasing fascination to pop artists. Spurred in part by the cult-cinema success of *The Harder They Come* and its attendant soundtrack, not to mention the magnetic presence of the music itself, raeggae no longer resides as a forgotten ethnocentricity. Rather, it has become a surprising and increasingly commercial portion of the mainstream itself.

This sudden popularity is not unexpected. Raeggae, with its oddly syncopated beat and lyrical fantasies, grew in obscurity to become a mature and well-developed music, nurtured by the hothouse atmosphere of Jamaican society. At its best, it can become brutally honest, stripping away layers of emotion to bare essential and stark images. Whether dealing in traditional love, political realities ("I Shot The Sheriff") or spiritual breakwaters, it forcefully cuts to the rhythmic core of day-to-day existence, the pull and thrust of interwoven relationship.

By and large, those who have popularized raeggae on the charts have done well by this equation. As if in realization of the music's inner strength, they have paid it both tribute and honor, perhaps smoothing off its rougher edges in hopes of reaching a larger audience, but adamant about retaining its inner truths.

The best example is Eric Clapton's treatment of "I Shot The Sheriff", originally written and recorded by Bob Marley and the Wailers. Clapton must of necessity treat the song differently than Marley; it's unlikely he's ever known the circumstances

described, a zinc shack paranoia methodical and debilitating in its primary form. Marley's reading takes that into account, an anguished, future redemptive portrait that understands how it feels to grow in Trenchtown, the omnipresent poverty, the illogical pressure from police and government, the harsh interior structure of bottoming a country that would likely enjoy forgetting the existence of its lower classes.

Marley is a Rastafarian, and this too adds an edge to his poetry. The Rastas, a religion that exists without benefit of church and clergy, prefer not to deal with the present, instead saving themselves for the trip "forward back" to Africa and salvation. Despite the barren circumstances which he describes, there remains the feeling that this is just one of many struggles man must overcome to move toward his higher ground. Taken in context with other songs on the Wailers' album (*Burnin'*), the picture is amplified: "This morning I woke up in a curfew," he moans in "Burnin' and Lootin'". "Oh God, I was a prisoner..."

For his part, Clapton's rendition is more up-beat, perhaps seeming to skim the surface until it's remembered that he, too, has seen the outer reaches of despair. The Rolling Stones take a different tack. It would be a mistake to consider raeggae as resembling a solemn music by any means; utilizing its joyous end, they construct a group original like "Luxury" and spin it like a web, using the music's illegitimate marriage of American r&b and home-grown rhythms to add a lusty, pleasure-ridden energy to the obvious best track on the new album. Similarly, J.

Geils updated their bedrock sound a year ago in "Give It To Me", and Cat Stevens toured Sam Cooke's "Another Saturday Night" around the West Indies to gift it a whole new dimension.

The process works both ways. Garinshed with strings and sophisticated arrangements, Jimmy Cliff came up a winner in 1969 when "Wonderful World, Beautiful People" first touched the charts. Cliff, as befits his influential role, doesn't seem as committed to a purist strains as does a performer like Marley. He has experimented heavily (most notably on *Music Maker*), demonstrating a studiously pop outlook, concerned with expanding the boundaries of his compositions and his audience. In the face of this, Cliff has managed to retain a strong political and social awareness, a factor which has brought him criticism from some quarters and praise from others. Whether one agrees or not, the dedication and belief behind such songs as "Black Queen", "Born To Win", and "No. 1 Rip-Off Man" can hardly be denied.

Cliff walks a thin line between the pop and hard-core raeggae cultures, and is probably best matched on the other side of the fence by an artist like Paul Simon. To his credit, Simon was there before most whites had even heard of raeggae (with the exception of Paul McCartney, following a line from the Beatles' "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da" to the guitar scratchings buried under "Jet"), and he built on the mechanics of the music in a way that should serve as a model for future aspirants. In "Mother And Child Reunion", Simon borrowed

(continued on page 60)



Michael Putland



Dave Gahr



Michael Putland

THE RASPBERRIES JAM-

No More Cream And Sugar

By Nick Charles



For several years now, Raspberries have been one of the best bands in America, yet millions of hard-core rock fanatics are ignoring them to death. The band have what's called "an image problem". In an era when bizarre eccentricity and decadence have become the established criteria for hip acts, Raspberries are caught in a time warp. Their music is fundamental English-Invasion influenced rock 'n roll, and the fact that they play it better than anyone else in years doesn't seem to make a bit of difference to the trendies who demand an avant-garde pretensions as a guarantee of quality.

In a three-year career spanning four albums, Raspberries have persisted in chronicling the classic emotional themes of adolescence. Like their forerunners — The Beatles, Rolling Stones, The Who, Jay & The Americans — Raspberries figure it's hard enough just growing up normal, without singing songs about cosmic death of bisexual personality crises. Just getting shot down by your best girl on Saturday night is enough to get these guys emoting, and they've got enough

sincerity in their music to really hurt ya good. Everybody knows True-Love offers more possibilities for sado-masochism than a thousand whips anyway, right? Raspberries' derriere-garde music is so simple, it's positively penetrating.

The tough group with the fruity name grew out of Cleveland in the mid-Sixties. Lead crooner Eric Carmen started his first group in tenth grade after covering the basic pre-pube piano lesson route. Already having figured out that growing up meant strengthening your fingers for back-seat grappling, he played at private schools, debutante parties and sweet 16's "to get somewhere with the girls."

The local band doing most of the pulling though, was another outfit called The Mods. While Eric's boys were doing Byrds and Buffalo Springfield numbers, Wally Bryson's Mods came on heavily laced with Anglican speedos by The Yardbirds, The Stones, The Who and The Small Faces. Bryson had seen Pete Townshend on "Shindig" doing "Can't Explain," and ever since then, his only ambition was to spend all his waking

hours windmilling his arm across electric guitar strings forever and ever. After awhile, The Mods changed their name to The Choir.

Meanwhile, Eric Carmen moved around Cleveland State University in 1967 and 1968 starting bands only to have his best musicians stolen by The Choir. Finally, though, Fate caused a split in the opposition. Guitarist Bryson dropped out of The Choir to form Cyrus Erie with a drummer named Mike McBride. With the chord-slashing talents of Bryson and their 14-song Who medley, Cyrus Erie soon knocked The Choir out of the top spot in the city. Cyrus Erie and Carmen's latest band, The Quick, were both flown to New York City by record companies at the end of the Sixties, but neither session panned out. Everybody faded, Eric going nowhere solo. Then, in 1972, Carmen and Bryson linked up to form Raspberries.

In the wake of the scuzzy, long-haired post-Woodstock music scene, Raspberries decided to be different. Rounded out by bassist David Smalley and drummer Jim Bonfanti, not only did the group take a cute, harmless name, they also dressed

neat. Legend has it that bad boy Bryson had to get two haircuts before the other guys were satisfied. They cut a demo tape and sent it to producer Jimmy Ienner, and before long Ienner had them signed to Capitol Records. In 1971, they were on the launching pad with all systems set on GO.

Raspberries' lift-off was dynamite. Carmen and Bryson came up with a dandy lead-off single, "Go All The Way," featuring tough chords mixed with sweet vocals. The eclectic disc clearly copped from The Who (chords), Jay & The Americans (vocals) and The Beatles (segues). And what could be a more thrilling theme for an adolescent song than a girl encouraging her hesitant boyfriend to "go all the way"? It was a smash hit.

The balance of the *Raspberries* album in 1972 showed another side of the rookie band. Led by Eric's unusually melodic composing sensibility, they turned out several beautifully layered ballads like "Don't Wanna Say Goodbye," "I Saw The Light" and "I Can Remember". With softly rippling piano runs reminiscent of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" they probably sounded like schlock musak to many rockers, but the tunes were soooo beautiful and Eric's voice sooooo pure that they deserved to get away with it because they were so grippingly good. The rock audiences were getting cynical though, and not many people were willing to value naive love ballads much, no matter how ingenuous.

The second album, titled *Fresh*, came out later that same year. Following a tradition they have never broken, Raspberries led off Side One with their next hit single candidate, and once again they scored big on the radio. "I Wanna Be With You" was a brilliant rocker with that same tough/sweet combination of early British-Invasion guitar work and crooning vocals. The rest of the album, aside from two or three forgettables was equally fine.

"Let's Pretend" was the second single off the LP and featured what's probably the most yearning teen vocal of the Seventies. The theme of sexual frustration due to parental authority (curfews, remember?) ante-dates turn-of-the-decade sexual liberation. And when Eric's voice gets really husky, he sounds

like he just can't *bear* it any longer as he faces the inevitable separation of dropping off his sweetheart at her front door after parking with her for hours.

"I Reach For The Light" explored the teen loneliness theme even further with lamenting background vocals and frustration about the time "when you smiled at me and walked away with him". Side Two of *Fresh* is regarded by more than one critic as one of the Great Undiscovered Sides of vinyl in recent recorded history. Featuring swell Sixties melodies from Smalley and Carmen, it is not heavily arranged (much guitar is acoustic) and it probably didn't sock any listeners in the face hard enough to score for attention against Black Sabbath.

By now the Raspberries image problem was becoming acutely recognizable — too many listeners had them pegged as softies. First, there were all those ballads. Then, as a change from that first macho album cover, *Fresh* had the boys prancing around in white suits like all those ancient groups playing the Latin Casino and Las Vegas. They looked more like the Four Seasons than the Who, and *who* let Eric go berserk with that blow dryer he used to pouf up his hair? At a time when Bowie and homo-superior glitter/glam kids were getting all the looks, the old fashioned Raspberries were about as hip as Madras shorts. Despite the unprogressive nature of their image and music though, they were already one of the best bands in America. Not many people paid attention.

Side 3 was even better, and remains their most confident and powerful LP to date. The 1973 effort was as melodic as ever but not so softly choked with ballads. Even the "throwaway" songs were worthwhile and the gems were superb. Part of the stronger sound was due to a lush, fuller production style. More important though, the kids seemed more self-assured. Their lyrics were cockier, as though they were doing less yearning and more scoring.

"Tonight," the single, is one of their best Who crashers ever; it's simple and melodic, and the lyrics are direct — "but when you smiled I had to take a chance, won't you let me sleep with you?" Wally was composing well, as on "Last Dance", reinforcing that new positive tone —

"when I get a chance with you, I'll make enough romance for two." David Smalley was putting out as well. Although not up to Eric's genius, his "Hard To Get Over A Heartbreak" and "Should I Wait" were absolutely first rate.

Side Two, after goodies by Carmen and Smalley, contains what may be the strongest, heaviest, most magnificent Raspberries number ever. "Ecstasy" is a thrilling gut-kicker with Wally tossing off jagged Who lightning bolts. No band has ever been better than this song.

Then came the shakeup. Following an internal dispute, Smalley and Bonfanti exited the group and were replaced by Wally's old Cyrus Erie crony, Mike McBride, on drums and Scott McCarl on bass. Says Eric of the first time he heard McCarl's demonstration tapes, "Out came perfect 1965 John Lennon, songs and voice both. It turned out that in addition to the great voice and amazing songs, he plays bass left-handed and looks like Todd Rundgren. It was just perfect."

The first LP by the new formation, *Starting Over*, serves notice that Raspberries aren't going to be confused adolescents anymore. "Overnight Sensation" and "Play On" are about being professional musicians as opposed to being regular fellas. "Party's Over" reveals a rough and nasty annoyance, claiming "I'm older, brighter, and a bad criticizer, and I'm crazy but I don't give a shit." "I Don't Know What I Want" is a rebellious number, sort of like imitating Alice imitating the Who, and it should have been the single.

"All Through The Night" is a Stewart/Faces raver imitation with dirty words — "I'm gonna make you sweat until the sheets are wet".

Some critics have said that this should be the album that breaks Raspberries as huge as they deserve. But *Starting Over* lacks the youthful buoyance and savage punch of the second and third discs. Raspberries have grown through adolescence on vinyl and left it behind. In doing so they've shed much of the personality that made them unique. Let's hope the new maturity they pursue will be as distinctive and genuine when they find it. □



SET THE CONTROLS POUR LE COEUR DE SOLEIL

(continued from page 11)

real weird one. Following a meal of a large animal and turnips and things, I was driven through the fog-shrouded countryside to a manor-house, hidden from the small road by a thick web of trees. It was a foul night, and as soon as the large door had been opened and we were inside, the fog really fell. It was like somebody had just dropped a couple of million tons of coal dust. Horrors.

Living in this house, filled with mad scientific furniture was the manager and producer of Germany's foremost underground band - Foust. We entered through what appeared to be the kitchen. In one corner of it stood two television sets. The producer, a small, fragile man, turned the controls on one, and the black screen was suddenly lit up to reveal a live mouse squinting through the screen. He didn't have normal mouse furniture - he had proper little armchairs, and tables and things. "Zis is Henrick" said the producer. "He's been naughty today, so I'll turn him off." With that he turned a control, and the set returned to blackness. Strange bloke, I thought. Keeps his mice in tee-vee sets. There came a rumble from upstairs, and the sound of a thin voice singing. "My wife," he said.

I later learned that his wife was once a famous German ballet dancer, but had seen fit to throw herself ten-stories out of a hotel room, and was now completely paralysed.

Now the producer scurried into another room, and appeared with two bottles of wine, and an enormous bag. He opened the wine, and then opened the bag, spilling out onto a tray about three pounds of grass. "I grew it myself," he said "za German soil is good around here."

Fifteen minutes later I was on the planet Zorog 111 - held captive in a large television set, and forced to entertain an audience of strange cockroach like beings for six hours a day - being fed on a strict diet of bananas and Colt 45 malt liquor. On Saturdays I was washed. With my bodily hair having already been completely shaved off, I was dressed in a see-through plastic suit, and flying goggles. If I didn't entertain properly, hot steam was injected into my tee-vee cell, until I screamed.

Somebody else was screaming - loud, dervish like, as if their balls were being roasted in hot, bubbling Worcestershire Sauce. I snapped out of my grass dreamings. "What the hell is this?", I asked. "It is Faust's new album," said the producer, who was now so small that he was sat on the toe of my boot. "Do you like it?" he asked. Sounds pretty much like Pink Floyd flying through a wall on the back of a DC-3, I replied. "Zey are crossing more barriers zan Pink Floyd ever imagined" he added sternly, crawling up my leg, his forefinger emphasizing each word. If this band smoked the same stuff I'd just partaken of, I thought,

they're conceivably trying to burrow through the Earth to Australia using sugar spoons. "I agree it's a little different," I added politely.

"DIFFERENT!" he exploded, now sitting in my waistcoat pocket, shaking his fists in a frenzy. "DIFFERENT! Is that all you can say? You British think you have it all" - Oh come off it ... "Yes, you do, you won't take our rock music seriously" - look I don't want an argument ... "LISTEN, listen to it." The sound of 2,000 Christians being fed to the lions, while forty guitarists played a solo hit my ears like a syringe full of freshly lit napalm. It's all been done before, I said.

The producer leapt out of my pocket, and vanished under a beer-mat. My escort, a press agent for Faust - who had remained tight-lipped and silent - crept over to me. "You've upset him, Faust is his life, and also, he doesn't like being upset". I couldn't care two turds, I replied. He asked for my honest opinion, and he got it. That's all.

Sat, drinking schnapps and Lion's Brew at Hamburg Flughafen. Fogbound. Thank God I got out of that house in one piece, I thought. I was sure the buggar was going to have been chained in the cellar awaiting experiments. I spent six hours at the airport, before finally wangling myself onto a flight to Zurich, which for some reason took off in the fog. The pilot must be a trained bat I thought.

Well, to cut a long story by the neck, I scrubbed Switzerland, spent two hours in transit at Zurich, and feebly climbed on board an Alitalia 727 to Rome. I was beginning to feel like some sort of wandering hermit. My money was beginning to dwindle. I had no contacts in Rome, what the hell was I going to do?

Leonardo da Vinci Airport customs: Excuse me, do you speak English? I asked the inspector. "No sir, YOU speak English, me speak Italian." Ah, a joke. But could you tell me of a decent hotel, fairly cheap and central. No reply.

As it turned out I spent the first night in what later transpired to be a brothel-cum-hotel. All night long the place rocked; crazed arguments spread through the tissue thin walls. I fled in the morning, and luckily found a pleasing hostelry, and rested. I phoned the office. "Why aren't you in Switzerland?" I forgot to get off the plane. No really boss, it's a long story. "What's the scene like in Rome?" I really don't know, maybe The Pope will give a free concert.

I wandered around a few record companies. They were dead nice, feeding me well (thank God the money was frighteningly low, and I had two more countries to do). They played me locals stuff. "Sounds like Pink Floyd" I said. "We are very influenced by your Pink Floids". Shit, they're at least polite here.

My most distinct memory of Rome during my hectic "undercover reporter" visit was being scared shitless when I walked out of my hotel one cold, but fresh evening. I heard this incredible fuzzing, and gurgling and roaring from the sky.

Right overhead, not even 600 ft. was a Zeppelin, with neon lights running along its belly advertising some new deodorant or something. God's nails, the thing was so damned surreal that I ran into the nearest cafe and drank a half-bottle of red straight down. Sounded like Pink Floyd - airborn - I thought as my belly began to rid itself of adrenalin. Spent two days admiring old Monks' bones and dripping fountains, sending back fictitious cables on how "The Italian rock scene is thriving and..."

I had the equivalent of about 100 dollars left by the time I hit Belgium - which wasn't too bad because Brussels was as dead as doornails, except for one club, which - wait for it - sold good cheap brandy and played - Pink Floyd.

Did happen to meet up with old Glen Cornick of former Jethro Tull days, who was carrying his then new band - Wild Turkey - around Europe. We shot into a British pub, and sulked in a corner. Do you ever get the feeling we're actually a race of gypsies, I asked Glen. "Dead right you are," he replied.

Flew from Brussels to Amsterdam on what appeared to be a converted Sopwith Camel. I think I'd lost about 15 pounds by then, and my knotted, distraught cables were causing the office some fuss. "Please can you mail more money stop. have contacted T.B. stop. How do you expect me to get facts and figures on record sales in Italy when all they speak is Italian and me English stop. I think I'm going mad stop."

Dear old Amsterdam. Sat on a bridge opposite the main station listening to an accordion player singing boozy sea shanties, and spitting huge waddies of black phlegm onto the sidewalk whenever somebody passed without slinging a few pennies into his greasy old hat. I couldn't even be bothered to walk around for a cheap hotel. My suitcases were piled high with albums by Faust, Olivetti Muncari, Mumuso Vinegar, Charles de Gaulle, Francois Dugaree. I swear that while I was carrying them my arms were as long as a chimpanzees! Still, a bottle of duty-free Remy Martin cognac was still only half-done, so I sat down in the hotel, and drank myself to sleep.

Amsterdam - a good old city to be sure. Home of the Paradiso Club - built by the police, where smoking grass is legal, and the bands are good. You can buy a joint at the bar - beer is actually MORE expensive.

The people are nice in this lowlands city, apart from one record executive who bought me a bottle of extremely strange stuff to bide my time with. I took one swig, and I still have the scars on my tongue. But the rock and roll scene was thriving. I mean, they've got a guitarist called Jan Akkerman - who ain't at all bad. And the kids are sweet, and really into rock and roll. But all I was thinking about was home, and when the aeroplane crossed the white cliffs of England, I cast a tired eye down and winked "Now you're where it's really at." □

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My Everything

FREE BIRD

(As recorded by Lynyrd Skynyrd)

ALLEN COLLINS
RON VANZANT

If I leave here tomorrow
Would you still remember me
For I must be trav'ling on now
'Cause there's too many places I've got
to see
But if I stayed here with you, girl, things
just couldn't be the same
'Cause I'm as free as a bird now
And this bird you cannot change
And this bird you cannot change
And this bird you cannot change
Lord, help me, I can't change.
Bye, bye, it's been a sweet love
Though this feeling I can't change
But please don't take it so badly
'Cause the Lord knows I'm to blame
But if I stayed here with you girl
Things just couldn't be the same
'Cause I'm free as a bird now
And this bird you'll never change
And this bird you cannot change
Lord knows I can't change
Lord help me, I can't change.

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DON'T TAKE YOUR LOVE

(As recorded by The Manhattans)

ALLEN FELDER
BUNNY SIGLER
RON KERSEY

Don't take your love, love away
Don't take your good, good loving, lov-
ing away
Don't take your love, don't take, don't
take love away from me.
Just the other day girl I had a
premonition
I saw another man trying to move into
my position
That's when I realized this thing could
really come true
I can't stand to lose your love
That's why I'm singing, singing to you.

There may come a day
When you might get a proposition
But let's talk it over
Before you make your final decision
You got my life right in your hands
Losing you makes me a hopeless man
Don't bring the roof down on my head
If you do I might as well be dead.

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I'VE GOT TO SEE YOU TONIGHT

(As recorded by Timmy Thomas)

WILLIE HALE

I've got to see you tonight
So girl straighten up and fly right
I've got to see you one more time
So I can make you mine all mine.
I'd love the way you love
You're the only girl I'm thinking of
I'd love at you out of sight
So girl straighten up and fly right.
I want to love you baby
Until the darkness turns to light
If lovin' you is wrong
Girl I don't wanna be right.
I'd love the way you love
You're the only girl I'm thinking of
I'd love at you out of sight
So girl straighten up and fly right
Oo baby.
I've got to see you tonight
So girl straighten up and fly right
I really love you baby
Your love is driving me crazy.

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POSTCARD

(As recorded by The Who)

JOHN ENTWISTLE

We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here
We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here.

There's miles of frankfurters and people
who hurt us in Germany
We haven't played since yesterday
There's just ten more shows and one
week to go, we'd all like to go.

We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here
We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here.

Great piles of spaghetti, bad vibes like
confetti in Italy
We go by train and not by plane
We'd come home by car if it wasn't too
far, to drive home by car.

Hope you're well at home, next week
I'll try to phone
Not very long to go
I'll tell you when I'm coming home as
soon as I know.

We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here
We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here.

There's lots of french fries, disapproving
eyes in the U.S.A.
We've had no show since I don't know
There's just one thing wrong we've
been here too long
The money's all gone.

We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here
We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here.

There's kangaroos and we're bad news
in Australia
Thrown off the plane for drinking beer
So long on the plane it drove us insane,
so long on the plane.

Hope you're well at home, next week
I'll try to phone
Not very long to go
I'll tell you when I'm coming as soon as I
know.

We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here
We're having a lovely time, wish you
were here.

We've done very well but we've been to
hell and heaven as well.

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LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS

(As recorded by Elton John)

JOHN LENNON
PAUL McCARTNEY

Picture yourself in a boat on a river with
tangerine trees and marmalade skies
Somebody calls you, you answer quite
slowly a girl with kaleidoscope eyes.

Cellophane flowers of yellow and green
towering over your head
Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes
and she's gone.

Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds oh.

Follow her down to a bridge by a foun-
tain where rocking horse people eat
marshmallow pies
Ev'ryone smiles as you drift past the
flowers that grow so incredibly high.

Newspaper taxis appear on the shore
waiting to take you away

Climb in the back with your head in the
clouds and you're gone.

Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds oh.

Newspaper taxis appear on the shore
waiting to take you away
Climb in the back with your head in the
clouds and you're gone.
(Repeat chorus)

Picture yourself on a train in a station
with plasticine porters with looking
glass ties
Suddenly someone is there at the
turnstile the girl with kaleidoscope
eyes.
(Repeat chorus)

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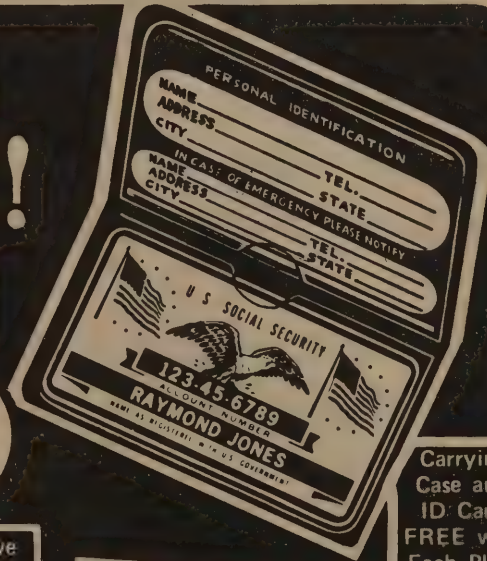
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(As recorded by Mac Davis)

KEVIN JOHNSON

I can still remember when I bought my
first guitar
Remember walking from the shop to
put it proudly in my car
And my family listened fifty times to my
two-song repertoire
I told my mom her only son was gonna
be a star.

Well I bought all the Beatle records
I sounded just like Paul
I bought all the old Chuck Berry's
78's and all

I sat by my record player playing every
note that played
And I watched them all on TV
And copied every move they made.

Rock 'n' Roll I gave you the best years of
my life

All the dreamy, sunny Sundays
All the moonlit summer nights
I was so busy in the back room writing
love songs to you
While you were changing your direction
and you never even knew
That I was always just one step behind
you.

Well '66 seemed like the year I was
really going somewhere
I was living in San Francisco wearing
flowers in my hair
Singing songs of kindness so the world
would understand
The guys and me thought we were more
than just another band.

Rock 'n' Roll I gave you the best years of
my life

All the crazy, lazy, young days
All the magic moonlit nights
I was so busy on the road singing love
songs to you
While you were changing your direction
And you never even knew that I was
always just one step behind you.

'71 I was all alone when I met Sarah
Jan

I was trying to go it solo with someone
else's band
And she came up to me softly
And she took me by the hand
She listened to my problems and she
seemed to understand

And she followed me thru London
Thru a hundred motel rooms
Thru a hundred record companies who
didn't like my tunes
She followed me back to Tennessee
Where she finally made me see
I'm just a plain ol' country boy and
that's all I'll ever be.

Rock 'n' Roll I gave you the best years of
my life

All the dreamy, sunny Sundays
All the moonlit summer nights
Tho I never knew the magic of making it
with you
I'm getting along with my country
songs
Doin' what I was born to do.

Rock 'n' Roll I gave you the best years of
my life

All the dreamy, sunny Sundays
All the moonlit summer nights.

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THE MORNING SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN

(As recorded by Donny & Marie Osmond)

DICK MANNING
LARRY STOCK

There was a girl
There was a boy
If they had met they might have found a
world of joy
But he lived on the morning side of the
mountain
And she lived on the twilight side of the
hill

They never met
They never kissed
And they will never know what hap-
piness they missed

Cause he lived on the morning side of
the mountain
And she lived on the twilight side of the
hill.

For love's a rose that never grows
Without the kiss of the morning dew
And ev'ry Jack must have a Jill
To know the thrill of a dream that comes
true

And you and I are just like they
For all we know our love is just a kiss
away
But you are on the morning side of the
mountain
And you are on the twilight side of the
hill

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AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

EDDIE HOLLAND
NORMAN WHITFIELD

I know you wanna leave me
But I refuse to let you go
If I have to beg plead for your sympathy
I dont mind 'cause you mean that much
to me.

Ain't too proud to beg and you know it
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go
Ain't too proud to plead baby, baby
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go.

Now I've heard a cryin' man is half a
man
With no sense of pride
But if I have to cry to keep you I don't
mind weepin'
If it will keep you by my side.

Ain't too proud to beg sweet darling
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go
Ain't too proud to plead baby, baby
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go.

If I have to sleep on your doorstep all
night and day
Just to keep you from walking away
Let your friends laugh even this I can
stand
'Cause I wanna keep you any way I can.

Ain't too proud to beg sweet darling
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go
Ain't too proud to plead baby, baby
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go.

Now I've got a love so deep in the pit of
my heart
And each day it grows more and more
I'm not ashamed to call and plead to you
baby
If pleading keeps you from walking out
that door.

Ain't too proud to beg and you know it
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go
Ain't too proud to plead baby, baby
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go
Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby
Please don't leave me girl
Don't you go
Ain't too proud to beg baby, baby
Ain't too proud to leave you
Don't you go.

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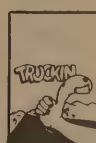
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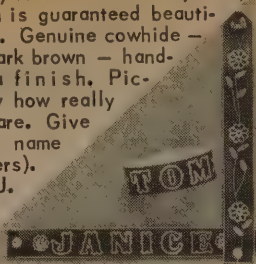
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CAT'S IN THE CRADLE

(As recorded by Harry Chapin)

HARRY CHAPIN
SANDY CHAPIN

My child arrived just the other day
He came to the world in the usual way
But there were planes to catch and bills
to pay
He learned to walk while I was away
And he was talkin' 'fore I knew it and as
he grew he'd say
"I'm gonna be like you, Dad, you know
I'm gonna be like you."

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver
spoon, little boy blue and the man in the
moon
"When you comin' home Dad?"
"I don't know when, but we'll get
together then; you know we'll have a
good time then."

My son turned ten just the other day
He said, "Thanks for the ball, Dad, come
on let's play
Can you teach me to throw?"
I said, "Not today, I got a lot to do."
He said, "That's okay."
And he, he walked away but his smile
never dimmed, it said
"I'm gonna be like him, yeah, you know
I'm gonna be like him."

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver
spoon, little boy blue and the man in the
moon
"When you comin' home Dad?"
"I don't know when, but we'll get
together then, you know we'll have a
good time then."

Well he came from college just the other
day

So much like a man I just had to say
"Son, I'm proud of you, can you sit for
awhile?"
He shook his head and he said with a
smile

"What I'd really like, Dad, is to borrow
the car keys; see you later, can I have
them please?"

And the cat's in the cradle and the silver
spoon, little boy blue and the man in the
moon

"When you comin' home Son?"
"I don't know when, but we'll get
together then; you know we'll have a
good time then."

I've long since retired, my son's moved
away

I called him up just the other day
I said, "I'd like to see you if you don't
mind."

He said, "I'd love to, Dad, if I can find
the time

You see, my new job's a hassle and the
kids have the flu

But it's sure nice talkin' to you, Dad, it's
been sure nice talkin' to you."

And as I hung up the phone, it occurred
to me

He'd grown up just like me
My boy was just like me
And the cat's in the cradle and the silver
spoon, little boy blue and the man in the
moon

"When you comin' home, Son?"
"I don't know when, but we'll get
together then, Dad, we're gonna have a
good time then."

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ONE TEAR

(As recorded by Eddie Kendricks)

LEONARD CASTON

I wake up early ev'ry morning
With just one tear in my eye
I remember late one evening my sweet
baby said goodbye to me
Oh yes she did
I cried so hard when she left me
I just rolled up in a great big ball
All the life is drained from my body
But that one tear oh oh that one tear just
wouldn't fall
Oh I tried to forget her but that one tear
won't set me free
I didn't know until she went away
Just how much that woman meant to
me

Oh yes she did
Without her my life is nothing
Even though she put me down
If my baby don't come home to me
This one tear oh in this one tear I'm
gonna drown
Hey hey hey
Every night I, I say a pray'r
And I whisper soft and low
I've got to get my baby back
So this one tear oh hey
So this one tear will let me go
Hey hey hey.

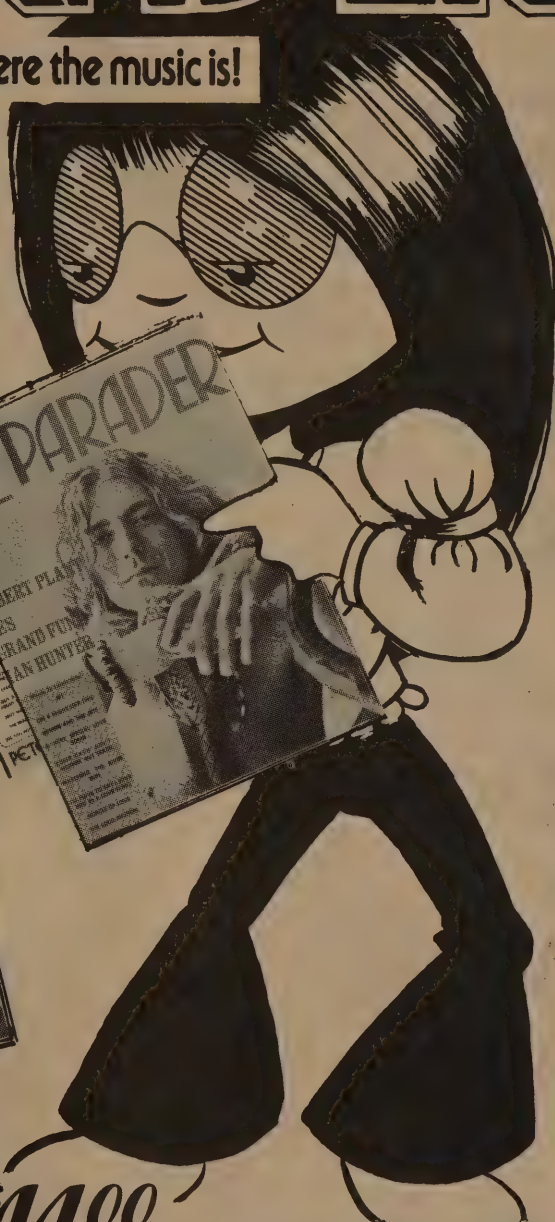
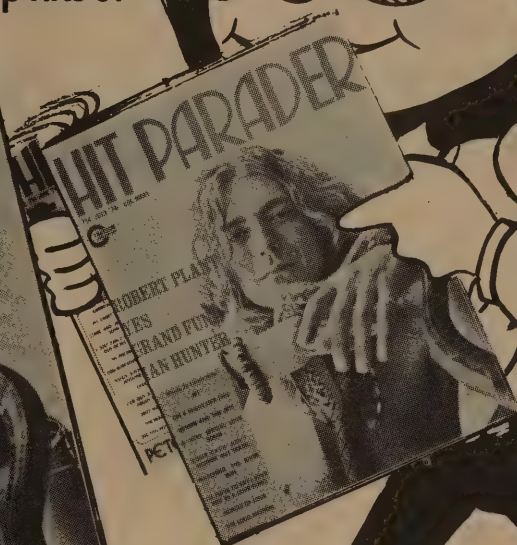
Need my baby
Stop my cryin'
I, I, I've been slowly dyin'
One tear leave me
One tear free me.

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I'LL BE YOUR EVERYTHING

(As recorded by Percy Sledge)

GEORGE SOULE

Want to be your love maker
Want to be the caretaker of your heart
Because I loved you right from the start
Be your water when you need a drink
Your life saver if you start to sink
I keep you right on top
Because I love you and I just can't stop.
I'll be your everything
I'll be your everything
I'll be your everything
Everything I can possibly be.
I can be your love story
Your sunshine every morning
So let it be, let it be
Take all the love you need from me
Need a lover or you want a friend
I'll be the door to let you in
So walk on thru, walk on
There's so much that I can do for you.
I'll be your everything
I'll be your everything
I'll be your everything
Everything I can possibly be
Oh you just call on me
'Cause I can be anything that you want me to be
I'll be your everything.

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CALIFORNIA MY WAY

(As recorded by The Main Ingredient)

WILLIE HUTCHINSON

California my way any day oo oo
Gonna hit the highway right away oo oo
I've got my bags packed and I'm well on my way
I should be there in the run of the day
Yes I do I really, really wanna go there
'Cause they say 'til you've been there
You haven't been nowhere.
California sun look out 'cause here I come
'Cause my soul is restless and my heart could stand some fun
Yes I do I really, really wanna go there
'Cause they say 'til you've been there
You haven't been nowhere.
California, California oo
California here I come.
California my way
We gotta go, we gotta go, we gotta go.

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WORDS (ARE IM-POSSIBLE)

(As recorded by Margie Joseph)

ENRICO RICCARDI
DANNY JANSSEN
BOBBY HART

Words

Without love are just words with no meaning
And the feeling that something has died

I can't hide with only words.

Lose you

Now the last thing I want is to lose you
But it seems like I'm losing myself
I feel like someone else
I'm not myself.

Words are impossible
When something's died
It's not the same anymore
When I'm by your side.

Pretending
Got harder and harder
'Til it was impossible
And it seems like I'm losing myself
I feel like someone else
I'm not myself.
(Repeat chorus)

Easy

To pretend nothing's wrong would be easy

But to face it when something is gone
'S the hardest thing I've done.

Stronger

I was weak but I'm growing much stronger

If you'll give me a little more time
The more I find myself the more I find.
(Repeat chorus)

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TOUCH ME

(As recorded by Fancy)

MIKE HURST
RAY FENWICK

In the night, in the city
Alone in my room, all alone.

(Touch me)

Ooh I get the feeling

(Touch me)

Ooh it feels good

Touch me

Yeah I get the feeling

Touch me ooh.

Couldn't get to sleep in my room last night

Something wasn't quite the same
Just as I was reaching for the nearest light

I heard somebody calling my name.
(Repeat chorus)

Touch me, touch me
Touch me, touch me
Oh come closer baby.

Shivers down my backbone 'cos my man is back

Then my pulse began to race
When he lay beside me everything went black

'Cos I could see the strangest face.
(Repeat chorus)

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ONE MAN WOMAN/ ONE WOMAN MAN

(As recorded by Paul Anka)

PAUL ANKA

You caught me fooling around with somebody new

You caught me fooling around
Now I'm losing you

You're a one man woman

You're a one man woman.

I was a two timing man.

The nights I left you alone
And I'd disappear

The nights your voice or the phone said
I'm waiting here

You're a one man woman

You're a one man woman

I was a two timing man.

Woman you know I'm sorry
Sure it's the same old story
Baby forgive don't forget me
I'll be true to you if you let me
And I won't need no chain to tie me down

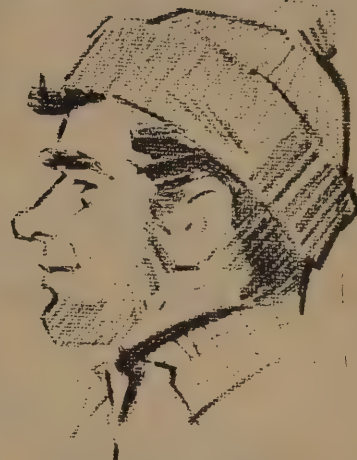
And I won't play no games
Because I've found that you're a one man woman

You're a one man woman
I was a two timing man.

One man woman
I'll be a one woman man.

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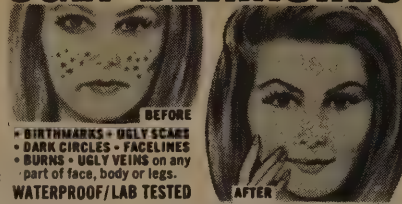
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SOMEDAY

(As recorded by Dave Loggins)

DAVE LOGGINS

Now one day girl all of our dreams will
come true
If you believe in me like I believe in you
Someday girl, we'll be together
Now I can see it all in visions of white
A long train in a stained glass light
And someday you can be mine forever.

Now sometimes I can see it all in my
dreams
Waking up next to you
Walking around with my head on the
ceiling
I'm in love but ooo what a feelin'.

Ah honey ain't that such a good feelin'
to know
That's such a good feelin' to know
I won't have to leave you again
You know I almost believe it was meant
to be that way (be that way)
Someday.

Well it won't be long
And I just can't wait
But we've got to be strong and we've
got to have faith
And someday girl we'll be together
So if you need something to hold on to
Hold on to me girl and I'll hold on to you
And someday you can be mine forever.

Now sometimes I can see it all in my
dreams
Just how it's gonna be
You'll be a mother and I'll be one of the
children
I'm in love but ooo what a feelin'.

Ah honey it's such a good feeling to
know
Girl you're gonna be mine forever
I'll just love you girl
I wanna love, love, love, love you some-
day
Oh how I need you honey to love, love,
love, love me someday
Yes I just love you, love you
I wanna love, love, love, love you
someday.

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JUNIOR'S FARM

(As recorded by Paul McCartney & Wings)

PAUL & LINDA McCARTNEY

You should have seen me with the
poker man
I had no money and I bet a grand
Just in the nick of time I looked at his
hand
Let's go, let's go, let go let go
Down to Junior's Farm
Where I want to lay low
Low life, high life
Let's go, let's go
Take me down to Junior's Farm.

At the houses of Parliament
Ev'rybody's talking 'bout the president
We all chip in for a bag of cement
Should have had more sense
He bought a gee gee and it jumped the
fence
All for the sake of a couple of pence
Let's go, let's go, let go, let go
Down to Junior's Farm
Take me down to Junior's Farm
Let's go, let's go, down to Junior's Farm.

Take me down to Junior's Farm
Ev'rybody tag along
Take me down to Junior's Farm.

I was talking to an Eskimo
Said he was hoping for a fall of snow
When up popped a sea lion ready to go
Let's go, let's go, let go, let go
Down to Junior's Farm
Where I want to lay low
Low life, high life
Let's go, let's go
Take me down to Junior's Farm.

I took my bag into a grocer's store
The price is higher than the time before
Old man asked me why is it more
I said you should have seen me with the
poker man
I had no money and I bet a grand
Just in the nick of time I looked at his
hand.
(Repeat chorus)

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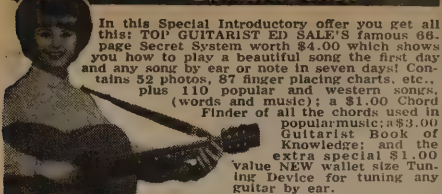
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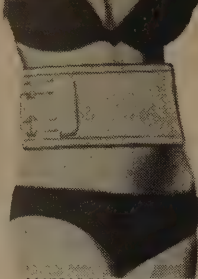
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(As recorded by Barry White)

**BARRY WHITE
TONY SEPE
P. STERLING RADCLIFFE**

We got it together didn't we
We've definitely got our thing together
don't we
Isn't that nice
I mean really
When you really sit and think about it
Isn't it really, really nice
I can easily feel myself slippin' more
and more away
To that super world of my own
With nobody but you and me
We've got it together babe.

The first, my last, my ev'rything
And the answer to all my dreams
You're my sun, my moon, my guiding
star
My kind of wonderful that's what you
are.

I know there's only, only one like you
There's no way they could have made
two
You're, you're all I'm living for
Your love I'll keep for evermore
You're the first, you're the last, my
ev'rything.

In you I find so many things
A love so new only you could bring
Can't you see if you, you make me feel
this way
You're like a fresh morning dew
Or a brand new day.

I see so many ways that I
Can love you til the day I die
You're my reality
Yet I'm lost in a dream
You're the first, my last, my everything.

I know there's only, only one like you
There's no way they could have made
two
Girl you're my reality
I'm lost in a dream
You're the first, my last, my everything.

You and me baby
Just you and me
You are the first, my last, my
everything.

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LAUGHTER IN THE RAIN

(As recorded by Neil Sedaka)

SEDAKA
CODY

Strollin' along country roads with my baby
It starts to rain
It begins to pour
Without an umbrella
We're soaked to the skin
I feel a shiver run up my spine
I feel the warmth of her hand in mine.

Ooo I hear laughter in the rain

Walkin' hand in hand with the one I love

Ooo how I love the rainy days and the happy way I feel inside.

After a while we run under a tree
I turn to her and she kisses me
There with the beat of the rain on the leaves
Softly she breathes and I close my eyes
Sharing our love under stormy skies.
(Repeat chorus)

Sharing our love under stormy skies.
(Repeat chorus)

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THE BEST OF MY LOVE

(As recorded by The Eagles)

DON HENLEY
GLENN FREY
JOHN DAVID SOUTHER

Ev'ry night I'm lying in bed holding you close in my dreams
Thinking about all the things that we said
And coming apart at the seams
We tried to talk it over but the words come out too rough
I know you were trying to give me the best of your love.

Beautiful faces without empty places
look at the way that we live
Wasting our time on cheap talk and wine
Left us so little to give
That same old crowd was like a cold dark cloud
That we could never rise above
But here in my heart I give you the best of my love.

(Oh sweet darling)
You get the best of my love
(Oh sweet darling)
You get the best of my love
I'm going back in time and it's a sweet dream
It was a quiet night and I would be all right if I could go on sleeping
But ev'ry morning I wake up and worry
What's gonna happen today
You see it your way I'll see it mine
But we both see it slipping away
You know we always had each other baby
I guess that wasn't enough
But here in my heart I give you the best of my love.

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MANDY

(As recorded by Barry Manilow)

SCOTT ENGLISH
RICHARD KERR

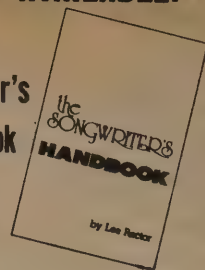
I remember all my life
Raining down as cold as ice
Shadows of a man, a face through a window
Cryin' in the night
The night goes into.
Morning's just another day
Happy people pass my way
Looking in their eyes I see a mem'ry I never realized
You made me happy
Oh Mandy well you came and you gave without taking
But I sent you away
Oh Mandy, well, you kissed me and stopped me from shaking
And I need you today
Oh Mandy.

I'm standing on the edge of time
I've walked away when love was mine
Caught up in a world of uphill climbing
The tears are in my mind and nothing's rhyming.
Oh Mandy well you came and you gave without taking
But I sent you away
Oh Mandy, well, you kissed me and stopped me from shaking
And I need you today
Oh Mandy.
Riding on a country bus
No one even noticed us
Yesterday's a dream, I face the morning
Crying on the breeze, the pain is calling.
(Repeat chorus)

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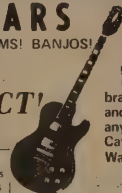
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	A	N	C	H	O
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OPPOSITE OF NO			E	S	

NEVER CAN SAY GOOD-BYE

(As recorded by Gloria Gaynor)

CLIFTON DAVIS

Never can say goodbye
No no no no now I
Never can say goodbye

Even though the pain and heartache
seem to follow me wherever I go
Though I try and try to hide my feelings
they always seem to show
Then you try to say you're leavin' me
And I always have to say no
Tell me why is it so.

That I never can say goodbye
No no no no now I
Never can say goodbye

Ev'ry time I think I've had enough and
start heading for the door
There's a very strange vibration pier-
cing me right to the core
It says turn around you fool you know
you love him more and more
Tell me why is it so
Don't wanna let you go

I never can say goodbye
Boy oo oo baby
I never can say goodbye
No no no no no no oo.

Oh I never can say goodbye boy oo oo
I never can say goodbye
No no no no no oo
Never can say goodbye
No no no no now I
Never can say goodbye.

I keep thinkin' that our problems soon
are all gonna work out
But there's that same unhappy feelin'
that there's that anguish there's that
doubt

It's the same ol' dizzy hangup
Can't do with you or without
Tell me why is it so don't wanna let you
go.

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EVERYBODY NEEDS A RAINBOW

(As recorded by Ray Stevens)

LAYNG MARTINE, JR.

Sometimes I can't help but wonder
Where I'd really be if all of
The things I'm dreaming of
Really came to me
If I had everything I wanted
And nothing to be wishing for
No hopes, no dreams, no plans, no
schemes

Oh what would I be living for?
'Cause everybody needs a rainbow
A little something to believe in
A little something to be working for
Just over the horizon

Everybody needs a rainbow
Giving everything a reason
No matter who you are, high or low
Everybody needs a rainbow.
Sometimes when I'm losing
Well I feel so down and out
But I rebound
'Cause you know I've found
Yeah that's what life is all about
Now if everything just came easy
Then we'd never know it when we've
won

You can be what you want to be
Oh but gettin' there is half the fun.
(Repeat chorus)

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Nashville, Tenn. 37212.

DREAM ON

(As recorded by The Righteous Brothers)

DENNIS LAMBERT
BRIAN POTTER

Lay your head down on my shoulder
I won't let the night get colder
I'll protect you
I'll be keeping trouble far from where
you're sleeping
Until you wake in the morning
You've got the world to yourself.

Dream on
Dream about the world we're gonna
live in one fine day
Dream on

Spend the night in heaven
I'll be here to light your way
Some day tomorrow we'll smile
But little girl in the mean while
Dream on.

You're a princess, chains around you
I'm a hero who just found you
Til a brand new day must wake you
Let imagination take you girl where the
music is playing
I'll be along in a while.
(Repeat chorus)

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DANCIN' FOOL

(As recorded by The Guess Who)

BURTON CUMMINGS
DOMENIC TROIANO

It was a Saturday night without a
whole lot shakin'
Ooh my, ooh my I was bored
I had my best duds on it was a chance
worth takin'
Somehow I was still ignored
Been too long since I been shy and
lonely
Ooh, but that's okay
Need some gal to be my one and only.
I got a wink and a smile from a flashy
filly
Ooh my, ooh my she looked grand
She said "I like your style, now don't go
acting silly"
Ooh my ooh, she grabbed my hand
Never thought that I could shake and
groove it

Now I'm a dancin' fool
Dug my feet 'cause they could really
move it.

She got the message across and me and
her got kissin'
Ooh my, ooh my havin' fun
I know that this is the thing that I've
been really missin'
One more dance has just begun
No more time for feelin' shy and lonely
Now I'm a dancin' fool
Found some gal to be my one and only
Ooh, I'm a dancin' fool
I'm a dancin' fool, I'm a dancer.

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MY EYES ADORED YOU

(As recorded by Frankie Valli)

BOB CREWE
KENNY NOLAN

My eyes adored you
Though I never laid a hand on you
My eyes adored you
Like a million miles away from me
You couldn't see how I adored you
So close, so close and yet so far.

Carried your books from school playin'
make believe you're married to me
You were fifth grade I was sixth
When we came to be walkin' home
ev'ry day

Over Bonnicut Bridge and bay
Till we grew into the me and you who
went our separate ways.
(Repeat chorus)

Headed for city lights
Climbed the ladder up to fortune and
fame
I worked my fingers to the bone made
myself a name
Funny I seem to find that no matter how
the years unwind

Still I reminisce 'bout the girl I miss
And the love I left behind
My eyes adored you
Though I never laid a hand on you
My eyes adored you
Like a million miles away from me
You couldn't see how I adored you
So close, so close and yet so far.

All my life I will remember how warm
and tender we were back then
Whoa baby
Oh the feeling sad regrets I know I
won't ever forget you my childhood
friend

How I wish I could return through the
years
Too late I learned I loved you, I loved
you, I loved you
My baby why did I ever let you go
Oh will you remember how I adored
you.

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COUNTRY SIDE OF LIFE

(As recorded by Wet Willie)

M. R. HIRSCH

You can have your buildings and your
heavy 'rithmetic
I don't need no crowded streets or city
slicker tricks
I just need to be some place where I can
move around
Look down at my toes and I can see the
ground, yeah.
Gimme the country side of life
A place where I can stretch out right
Gimme the country side
Oh Lord, gimme the country side of life
A place where I don't get up tight
Give me the country side.
Goin' down to my fishin' pond where I
can throw my line
Don't matter what fish I catch, I only
want to rest my mind
The only fish you get downtown ain't
caught with a hook and sinker
Put on your brakes, beep-beep, honk
your horn, look out, man, turn on your
blinker.
I was born in a Georgia town with a
natural lazy streak
Laid back lovers just playin' games and
stayin' off their feet
Nobody tryin' to get on your nerves or
tryin' to get what you got
Just live and let live by the golden rule
Now don't it just hit the spot.
(Repeat chorus)

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BOOGIE ON RAEGGAE WOMAN

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder)

STEVIE WONDER

I like to see you boogie right across the
floor
I like to do it to you 'til you holla for more
I like to Raeggae but you dance too fast
for me
I like to make love to you so you can
make me scream
Boogie on Raeggae woman
What is wrong with me
Boogie on Raeggae woman
Baby can't you see.
I'd like to see both of us fall deeply in
love
I'd like to see you naked under the stars
above
Yes I would
I'd like to see both of us fall deeply in
love
I'd like to see you in the raw under the
stars above
So boogie on Raeggae woman
What is wrong with you
Boogie on Raeggae woman
What you try'n' to do.
Boogie on Raeggae woman
What is wrong with you
Boogie on Raeggae woman
Let me do it to you
Boogie on Raeggae woman
What you try'n' to do.

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RAEGGAE IN AMERICA

(continued from page 39)

creatively and well, catching both the spirit of raeggae and its simultaneous binding of life within death to create a pop masterpiece. John Sebastian, Nilsson, Martha Reeves, and others who content themselves with covering selections from *The Harder They Come* songbook fare less well. With the wealth of raeggae material at hand, it must be questioned whether they have a commitment to the music or the bandwagon, though one doesn't necessarily preclude the other.

As for Johnny Nash, his position is unclear. Since he rejuvenated his career to the tune of "I Can See Clearly Now" and Marley's "Stir It Up" over two years ago, he appears to have consciously turned his back on raeggae, returning to more of the sweet soul stylizations that characterized him in the early sixties.

Still, he might be doing the smart thing. Most of the raeggae that has broken in the United States has taken influence from the music's style, grafting it onto more traditional forms. Even Clapton's "I Shot The Sheriff" tends to regularize the beat, exchanging serpentine movement for notches on a ruler. Taj Mahal, des-

pite a new album relying heavily on the style, brings his vision firmly back into a folk blues perspective. Undiluted raeggae hardly sells, the amount of public attention it receives usually limited to West Indian enclaves in the major cities. Part of the problem is the *patois* dialect which carries much of the message, musical in itself, though virtually unintelligible to ears not gifted prior training.

The question of where to base an appeal slices much deeper, however.

Though it may seem odd to make overtures to the pop-rock market, to date raeggae has not proved



successful in the relative world of soul, where its greatest appeal might be thought to lie. A superb dancing music, it fits only peripherally into the current discotheque context; and with most present day r&b concerned with sweetened maturity and heightened studio awareness, much of raeggae compares as primitive and coarse. Recording techniques aside, there is quite a squeal of delight in Jamaican circles over the "rude" song, and groups like Lloydie and the Lowbites ("White Rum and Pum Pum") and the Whores ("Dead Buddy") are perennial favorites.

Yet a significant proportion of raeggae artists have proved quite willing to bridge this gap if given the chance. Ken Boothe, a mellow-voiced song stylist who has been on the scene for several years, recently surfaced in England with a number one pop smash called "Everything I Own". Toots and the Maytals, a dynamic three-man combination, have shown a remarkable affinity for reducing any material — be it such strange bedfellows as "Rocky Mountain High" and "Louie Louie" — to a wild, enervating rhythmic constant. Others, like the Pioneers, the Ethiopians, Max Romeo, thrush Lorna Bennett, Zap-Pow, or the devilish Scotty, are only in need of the right vehicle and promotion.

The most interesting raeggae artists, and unfortunately the ones least likely to benefit from expanded interest in the music, are the disc jockeys: U-Roy (the first), I. Roy, Big Youth, Topper Zukie, among others. Evolving as a result of the sound systems that criss-cross the island of Jamaica as floating discotheques, they specialize in talking over an instrumental track, utilizing a variety of catch-phrases, grunts, sermonettes and judicious echo, a free-form Trenchtown of the mind. Most are Rastafarian, their appearance (as in Big Youth's turbulent visit to New York's Felt Forum last year) cause for religious enthusiasm and celebration. *If you say you love I so, and you want the world to know how much you really love I so...*

And lest this be thought of as a one-way street, leave it be known that raeggae audiences themselves are equally filled with contradictory cross-currents. At a recent festival in Manhattan, the largest share of appreciative applause was directed at young Vic Taylor, who operatically sang "My Way" a la Frankie, and then encoored with an even more emotive "You'll Never Walk Alone". Jah, Jah. □

Sal & the Holmes Gang play the Golden Oldies

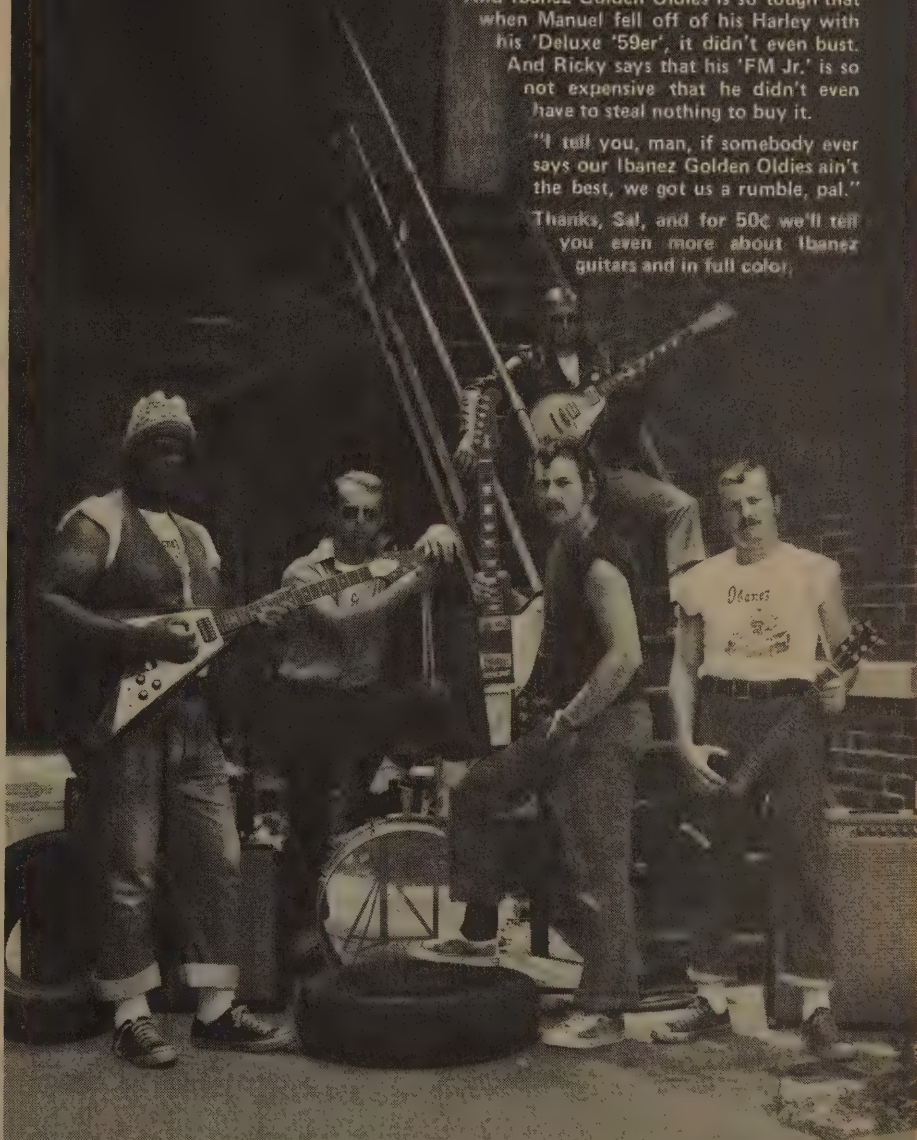
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GEORGE HARRISON

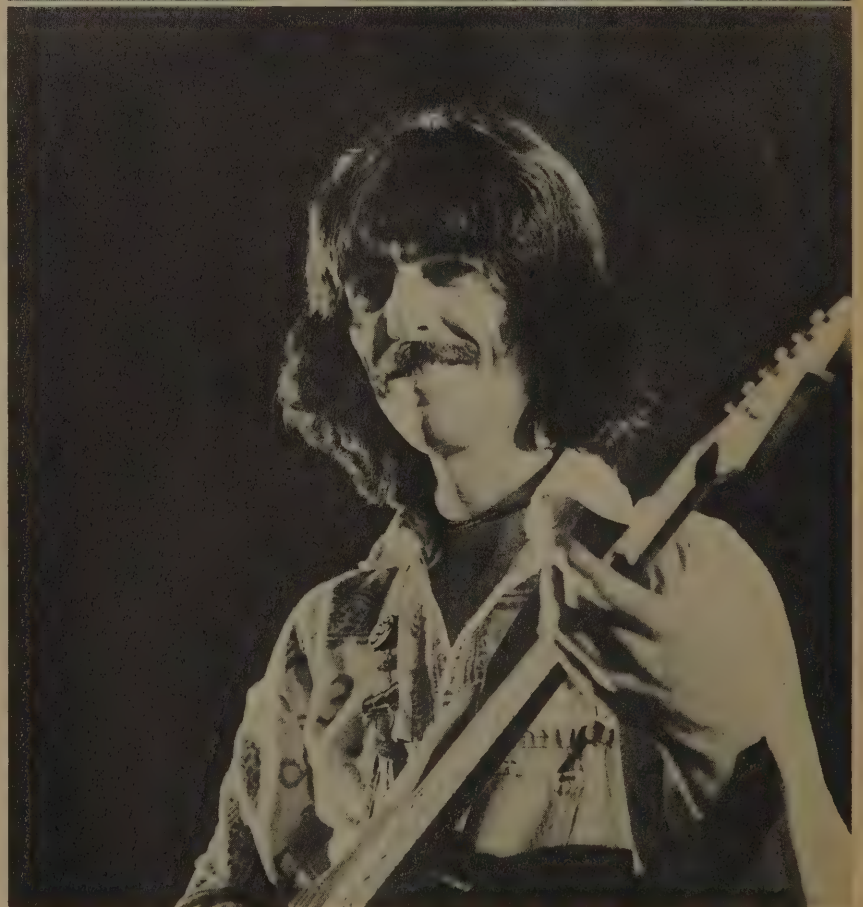
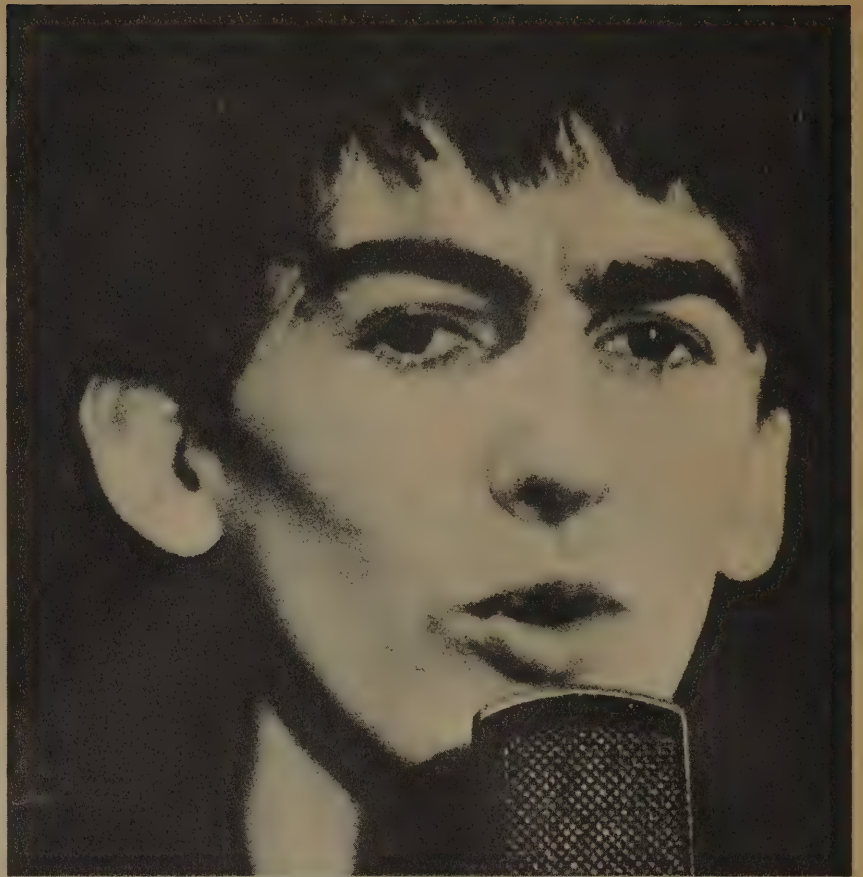
(continued from page 37)

when in fact neither is true. This was deftly illustrated by the recent revelation that while Harrison is a strict vegetarian — in keeping with modern health ideas and the ancient laws of Hinduism — he persists in smoking two packs of cigarettes a day, which is in keeping with neither. Harrison obviously does not feel that loving God demands that he live any particular lifestyle that is commonly associated with it — rather he seems as adamantly determined as the other Beatles to do his own thing — and as far as public acceptance is concerned anyway — get away with it.

Harrison has been one of rock's most generous stars in terms of raising money for charity — beginning with the famed "Bangla Desh" concert and movie and continuing recently with his resolve to donate the proceeds of six of his concerts to an assortment of charities including the Red Cross. This certainly sets a good example for everybody — and it must make Harrison feel good. At the same time, he has co-billed Ravi Shankar Family on his American tour — and George's public may not be quite so thrilled with having a long set of sitar and tabla imposed on them as a condition for hearing George — anymore than they would be if he began his set with western classical music. Such music, generally speaking, works better with smaller, more devoted audiences. But famous people have often tried to use the power of that fame to turn their constituency onto something they've discovered. While all concerned might be offended at the comparison — it's likely the public sees Ravi as George's Yoko Ono — an "artistic" novelty they have to put up with to get to the good stuff.

The dynamics of Harrison's mind are not betrayed in his public personality. The brilliance he evolved as a producer of musical sound and creator of mood in such songs as "My Sweet Lord," and "Give Me Love," are hard to pinpoint. His ambition which for months on end will seem non-existent will suddenly explode as it did when he released "All Things Must Pass" — and more recently when he formed Dark Horse Records (the first Beatle to have his own label — he *does* have a way of being first with a lot of things). There's no denying that Harrison does have that certain *sound* — and he develops his music and songs so slowly and methodically — that although his albums are only coming at the rate of one every two years — they each have a classic feel and an aura of importance.

So here is George Harrison snatching our attention again quietly but grandly. And for all his professed ordinariness — he is still rock's prime exponent — or verbalizer anyway, of Eastern philosophy. In case you have any doubts, he recently told a radio interviewer in England that one of his favorite songs was "The Inner Light" which was the B side of "Lady Madonna." "They all thought it was mystical George again and it says 'Arrive without



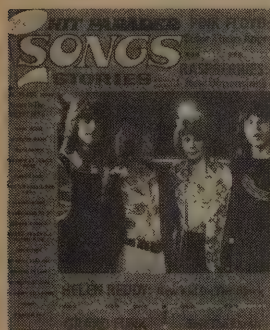
Neal Preston

travelling/See all without looking/Do all without doing' — That may sound silly, but it isn't," George explained. By which he may be saying in his music and in his

life — that what's mystical to many of us — is quite ordinary to George — as ordinary as rock and roll itself — and as much fun. □

HIT PARADER

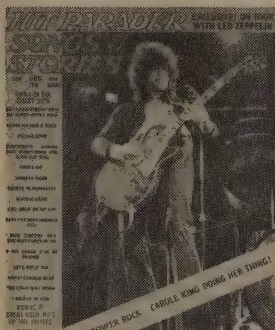
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NOV. 73

Grand Funk Railroad
Pink Floyd
Raspberries
Helen Reddy
Cory Wells

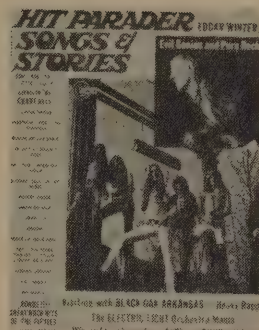
"Delta Down"
"Get Down"
"Give Me Love"
"Kodachrome"
"Yesterday Once More"



DEC. 73

Three Dog Night
Led Zeppelin
Wishbone Ash
Carole King
Trapeze

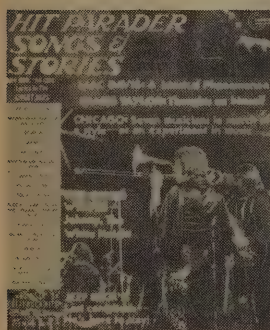
"Drift Away"
"Here I am"
"Let's Get It On"
"We're An American Band"
"Love Me Like A Rock"
"Say, Has Anybody Seen My Sweet Gypsy Rose"



JAN. 74

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Edgar Winter
Sly Stone

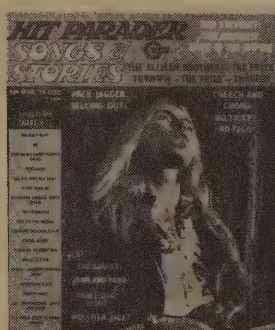
"China Grove"
"Half Breed"
"Get It Together"
"Higher Ground"
"I've Got So Much To Give"
"Billion Dollar Babies"



FEB. 74

Johnny Winter
Chicago
Jeff Beck
Jethro Tull
Leon Russell

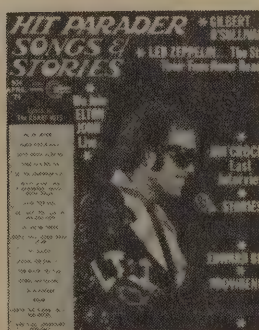
"Angie"
"All I Know"
"I Got A Name"
"Let Me In"
"Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting"
"Such A Night"



MAR. 74

Alhman Brothers
Jim Croce
Three Dog Night
Mick Jagger
Rod Stewart

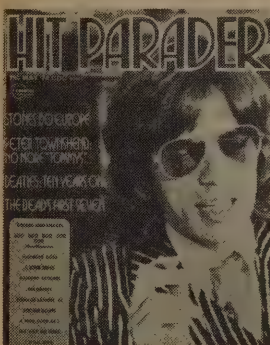
"Goodbye Yellow Brick Road"
"Hello It's Me"
"Photograph"
"We May Never Pass This Way Again"
"Knockin' On Heaven's Door"
"Top Of The World"



APRIL 74

Jim Croce
Led Zeppelin
Elton John
Alvin Lee
Stories

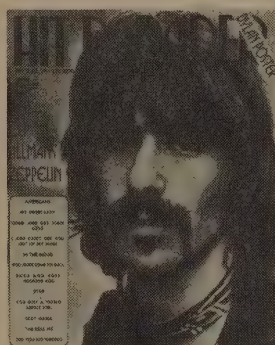
"Leave Me Alone"
"Living For The City"
"Helen Wheels"
"Time In A Bottle"
"Walk Like A Man"
"I've Got To Use My Imagination"



MAY. 74

The Beatles
Peter Dinklage
The Stones
Black Oak Arkansas
Alice Cooper

"Doo Doo Doo Doo Doo (Heartbreaker)"
"Hangin' Around"
"Midnight Rider"
"Spiders And Snakes"
"I've Got To Use My Imagination"
"Jim Dandy"



JUN. 74

Emerson, Lake & Palmer
Paul McCartney
The Allman Brothers
Led Zeppelin
Rick Derringer

"Come And Get Your Love"
"Rock And Roll Hoachie Koo"
"You Sure Love To Ball"
"Star"
"Dark Lady"
"You're So Unique"



JULY 74

Grand Funk Railroad
Robert Plant
Yes
Ian Hunter
Alice Cooper

"Jet"
"I'll Have To Say I Love You In A Song"
"Bennie And The Jets"
"A Very Special Love Song"
"The Loco-Motion"
"You're The Best Thing That Ever Happened To Me"

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☐ APR., 1974
☐ MAY, 1974
☐ JUNE, 1974
☐ JULY, 1974



good, because they all know the stuff .. they've done it two or three times and they did the show. They know the works and it makes a big difference. In general I've found that even if it's just putting strings on a track arrangers like to know the words and how the song goes because on sweetening sessions for instance they just put it out with a back track, but I know that they're more interested in how the song goes. Which is understandable, I think we play better when we know the material. Sometimes they've just come in and known the chords and that's bad. So I'm going to stick to that.

HP: Have you rehearsed alot for "Preservation"?

Ray: Yeah, we've been starting every day at four. I've sort of broken it up — one day with the singers, one with the horn players. I think today is our third rehearsal with everybody.

HP: Have you actually directed it?

Ray: I've directed the music, yes.

HP: Are there plans to film it?

Ray: There's a company, or some man who wants to make a movie of it — but I would like to film it as an event anyway, just to have a record of it. I don't think it matters which city I do it in, but I'd like to do it in New York. We'll see how it goes it's really expensive already.

HP: But it's not as elaborate as it could be, is it?

Ray: No, I think one must be a bit realistic about things, and I've still got to retain something of the Kinks, — so there is compromising without going over the top.

HP: What about preserving the band and at the same time yourself as an actor or personality?

Ray: Well — I would like to act in it more and develop Flash's character a lot more because there is so much there. I was thinking about it last night. Mr. Black is this sort of hero/villian thing and Flash, they are the same people really, they sort of develop from the same place. There is alot to say about them as individuals. I'd like to trace them from childhood and just develop it and make it more of an Epic. But I'm trying to keep it as simple as possible, because on "Starmaker" we found out that the simple things worked. I'll be playing Mr. Black on film and Flash onstage because alot of Mr. Black's part is political broadcasting and it can be done in that sort of way.

HP: What will you wear?

Ray: A sensational outfit — black. (Laughter) We decided that we were going to shoot it like Ivan The Terrible with black sequins.

HP: Have you been approached to do other films, acting things, on your own?

Ray: I've been given alot of scripts through the years, very funny really — the parts are always something to do with music. I'd like to play bishop or an accountant or a monk — anything but a songwriter, or a rockstar because I'm not a rockstar, I'm a waiter.

HP: No one has ever had the creativity to think of it? ...

Ray: Well .. I'll tell you, I'd like to play Beethoven, I really like him. The reason I'd like to play it is because I'd like to do alot of research and find out what his

character was really like and play it as near to it as possible. I'd like to have a go at playing Jesus as well. I'd like to sort of take those cliché roles and play them the way I would play them.

HP: Would it necessitate your writing the roles as well?

Ray: I hope not. Look ... I've got my first credit card ever, it's got my name on it. (Displays card.)

HP: How could you have ever gone to America minus a credit card?

Ray: Oh — and I was asked to play Aubrey Beardsley once ...

HP: And?

Ray: I was going on a tour and that was the only time that the writer and the director could do it and then they got jobs elsewhere and then I lost interest. Quite good though, a bit arty crafty, the script — but then he was an artist, wasn't he ..

HP: How come you decided to do "Preservation" in America first?

Ray: Well — timing more than anything else. Originally I had given up on doing "Preservation" onstage at all, and I came into the office one day, and the agent was about to call from America and I said, 'what I should be doing is a film of "Preservation".' And he phoned me up and said, 'well — why don't you do it onstage here?' So I thought, all right, I'll do it. It was as simple as that.

HP: Is the situation still that the American audiences get more hysterical towards your concerts than the English?

Ray: No, not really. I find that when we're playing here it's pretty much the same. We've just been to Scandinavia, Denmark and Sweden and they were excellent

concerts. I'd like to take "Preservation" there — I'd like to take it all over Europe. I've got a single called "Preservation" coming out now, written especially for the show. You know, we've had thoughts about how great it would be if we could do it in one theater and have backdrops and scenery — but it's difficult to do on the road because everything is so mobile.

But if it works well in the States or at the Royalty Theater in London, then we'll try to put it somewhere a bit more permanent and that way we can develop our ideas on the scenery — but you can't have too much to carry around.

HP: Did you see Bowie's recent thing?

Ray: No.

HP: Well, he's sort of abandoned it now.

Ray: I think you have to stick to these things. I stuck to "Preservation". In fact I had a dream last night about a review Keith Altham did when he came to the studio in 1966 when I was recording "Village Green". The headline was **RAY WANTS TO BECOME WALT DISNEY** and he wants to write a musical

called "Village Green Preservation Society". So I've really stuck at it, I think you have to.

HP: Do you have another idea that you want to develop after you've finished this?

Ray: I have lots of ideas I want to really do a straight-forward Kinks album, it's been a long time.

HP: How long?

Ray: Oh — since "Something Else" ... Even "Muswell Hillbillies" was a concept thing. I tried to have a story there, and I'd like to finish that off. I'd really like that to be an hour long TV play. And it's very apt now, it's about a cowboy and he's Irish and he sings in a country and western pub in Camden, and in the end his character takes him over and he has a shootout in the High Street with bobbies and everything ... and he's a cowboy ..

HP: Do you think it's possible for you to write songs that really have no relationship to each other?

Ray: I think so, yeah. I think I should split up what I'm going to do. If I'm going to write a song then I should write a song, and if it's a book, then I should write a

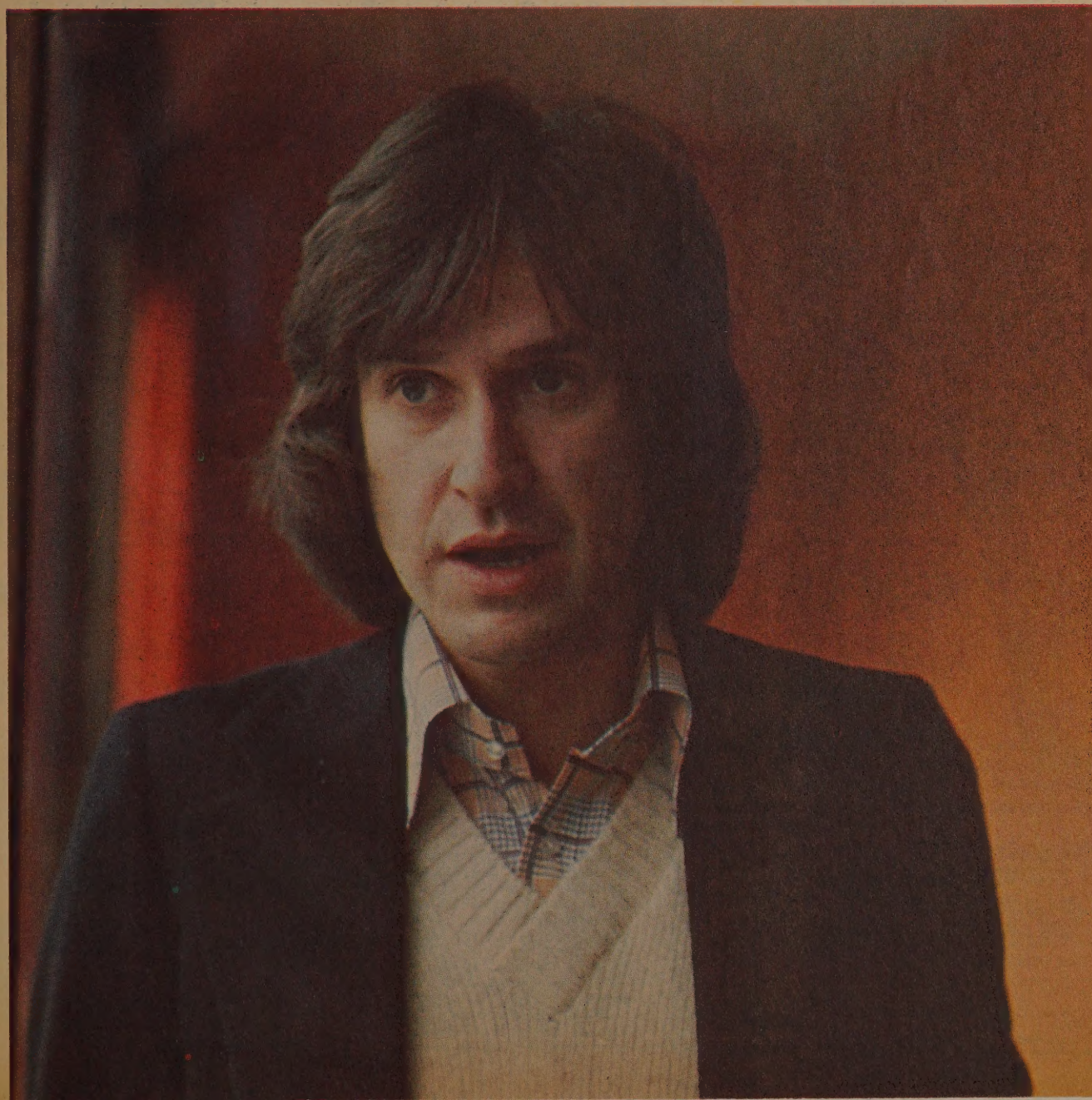
book or a film, or whatever.

HP: How much time have you been working, have you been writing alot?

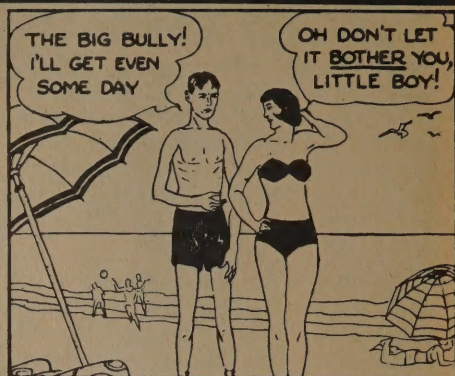
Ray: I work all the time, there is so much to do and there is so much I want to do and I'm so excited about this "Preservation" thing you can't believe how happy I am to be doing it. And how lucky I am to be doing it. There's alot more talented people than me who aren't doing it. But I just have something inside me making me do it and they don't have that; I'm very forceful.

HP: Was there a time when you were depressed and thinking that you wouldn't be able to do it?

Ray: Well, you know — you put a single out and it doesn't sell, it's really a drag every time that happens. Right from the beginning I've hated that because what I've done I always felt was the best thing ever. But the me that thinks of the idea really doesn't care about anything, because I've got my own standards. That's a bit conceited but I've got to be like that or I'll get shot down all the time. □

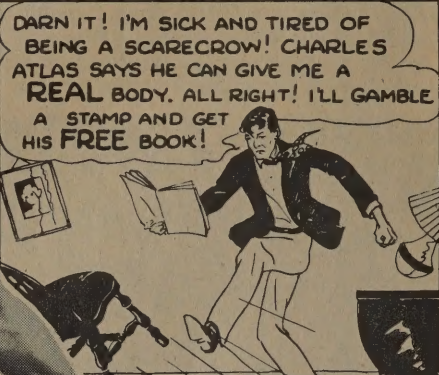


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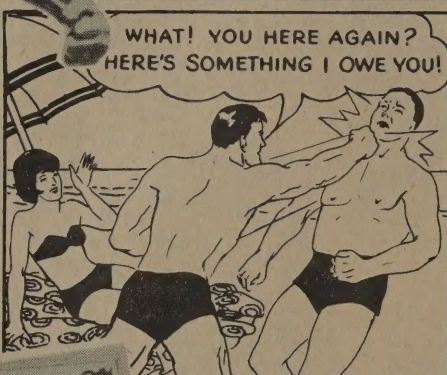


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